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MARCH 28, 1955

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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(ISSN 0020-7179)

VOL. LXV NO. 13

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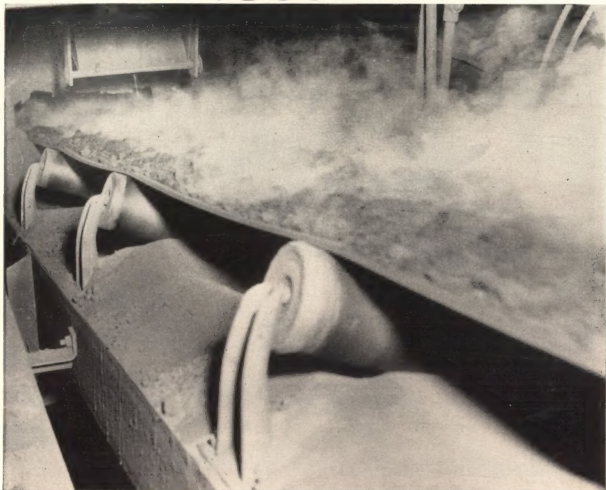


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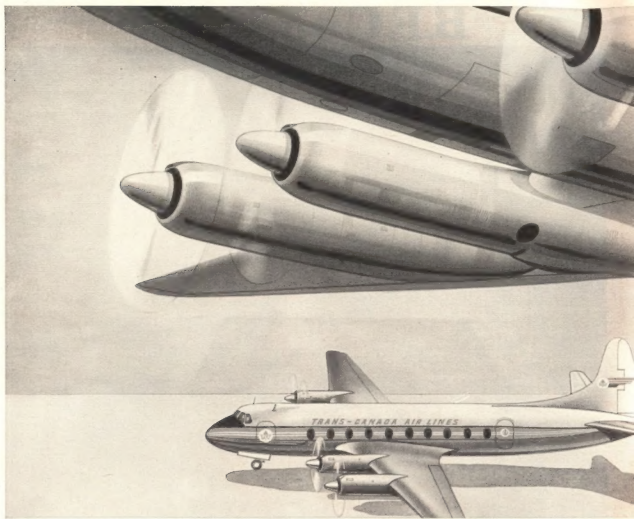
used here and looks good for double the life.

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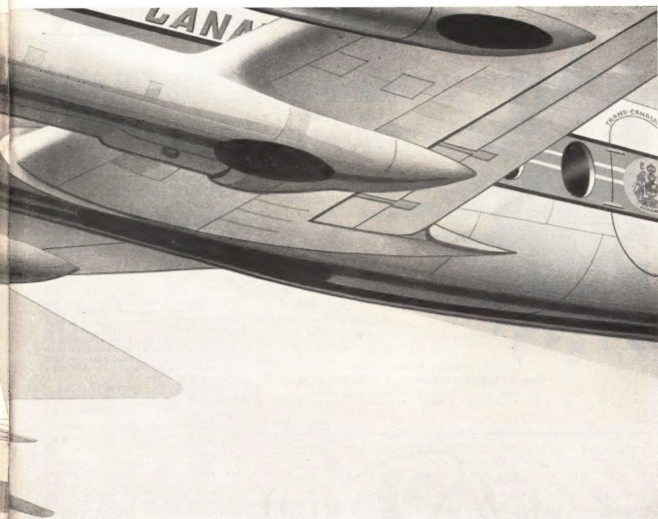
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WORLD'S FIRST AIRLINE

LETTERS

Hoosier Governor

Sir:

Congratulations for the March 7 story on Indiana's Governor Craig... Many persons will be shocked at what seems to be unmitigated graft and corruption in Indiana... Others will be confirmed in their dislike and mistrust of politics and politicians, and many friends and foes of Ike will view with alarm or cynicism (real or feigned) the fact that Craig is Ike's boy. However, Indiana, the state Lincoln grew up in, undoubtedly molded him as much as any environment could mold him. Politics are undoubtedly played pretty much the same as they were played in Lincoln's time—in Springfield, Ill., or in Washington, D.C. "Taken all told," in the words of Huck Finn, we don't doubt that Craig still has the same chances as Lincoln to achieve statesmanship by being an honest politician.

RICHARD P. PETTY

Detroit

Sir:

... No Hoosier would deny that shortly after Governor Craig "burst" into office, the air was hot and heavy with toll-road plans; and certainly no Hoosier could deny that, as a political tool for graft-minded politicians, the toll-road project is a tremendous achievement. What you didn't mention is that the remainder of our highways have acquired the not so complimentary name of "Craig's corduroy road system"...

JAMES W. RILEY

Indianapolis

Sir:

Congratulations for giving the nation a report on the political shenanigans going on within Indiana's Republican Party... Why any politician would want to go to heaven when he can live in Indiana is beyond comprehension... Regardless of which party is in power, Indiana always has government of the politicians, by the politicians, and for the politicians. The citizen is the servant.

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TIME
March 28, 1955

Volume LXV
Number 13

TIME, MARCH 28, 1955

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Offers substantial protection now through low-rate term insurance—changes to

**permanent insurance after the 2, 3, 4 or
5 year term—when income has increased**

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... Some day the people of Indiana will get their fill of having the state run as a "politicians' paradise."

EARL E. DAWALD

Geneva, Ind.

SIR:

FINALLY FOUND FACTS ON HOOSIER POLITICS AND THE TOLL-ROAD ISSUE. WE DON'T GET REPORTING LIKE THIS FROM THE LOCAL PRESS. IT IS TOO BUSY BEATING DRUMS ABOUT THE HERITAGE OF A FREE PRESS. MOST THOUGHTS AREN'T AS PROUD OF THIS PATRONAGE MUCK AS ARE THE POLITICIANS. AT LEAST THE BEST MAN IS ON TOP.

THOMAS E. O'CONNOR

FORT WAYNE, IND.

Sir:

My opinion as a native of Kokomo (rhymes with ho-ho-ho) is that a rhyming dictionary ain't a good thing to tour Indiana with. In that state, where Peru rhymes with Pee-roo, Brazil rhymes not so much with Hazel as Brazil-sill.

VERLE E. LUDWIG

Captain, U.S.M.C.

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Having spent 20 years up my life bein' razed up in the tuff atmosphere uv Clay Caounty's Brazil (pronounced bra as in brasière, z as in zebra, i as in ill), I think I can say Time erred. The atmosphere ain't tuff, and the pepul ain't either...

H. B. MOSS

Indianapolis

Q Says TIME's correspondent:

*There was a sweet Hoosier named
Hazel
From the clay-baking town some call
Brazil;
When asked whence she hailed
She blushed and then waited
Not Bra-zil, not Bray-zul, but Bray-
zel.—Ed.*

Air Pioneers

Sir:

It's about time somebody said something good about North American Airlines. For my money they pioneered air-coach service as we know it today.

WM. J. KENNY

Lindenhurst, N.Y.

Sir:

... Any company that cares for its customers as well as North American Airlines does should be congratulated and not forced out of business by the big airlines. I would like to thank TIME [Feb. 28] for giving this airline a fair shake.

MORRIS ROTHMAN

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Ten Against Time

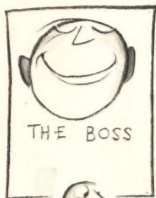
Sir:

... From different vantage points, we have had doubts about your recording of current news in your National Affairs section. As freshmen Congressmen, it is our privilege to participate in events reported in this section, and we now find our suspicions were fully warranted... A fresh case in point is your Feb. 28 account of the reciprocal-trade fight in the House. In protest, we raise the record against you on these points:

(1) Nowhere did you mention the paramount fact that roughly two-thirds of the Democrats voted throughout for the bill and two-thirds of the Republicans against it. Instead, you carefully created the impression that the parties were evenly split and that



*When shipments were slow, the kindly old boss
Would let the help know that this made him cross*



*But now it's made plain so that shippers don't guess
They're told with each order, "Send it **RAILWAY EXPRESS!**"*

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Florsheim stylists say "black is right"—the number one 'round-the-clock shoe color for Summer! And because your black shoes will be Florsheim *LOTOPS, they'll be lighter, cooler, and style right for business, dress, or casual wear! Yes! You'll want not one pair—but a complete wardrobe of black Florsheims—for "black is right!"

*If it isn't a Florsheim
it isn't a LOTOP



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black calf and black
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the Reed amendment was actually beaten by last-minute Republican vote-switching.

2) Your reporters noted that Speaker Rayburn rallied the Democrats and literally resurrected the bill by his personal appeal; yet, significantly, they failed to report that Minority Leader Martin's plea as spokesman for the President changed only one vote.

3) TIME's report said "the leadership in both parties went all-out for the bill." When the House Republicans decide to go all-out on an issue, as your reporters surely know, they hold a caucus before the bill comes onto the floor (as they did on the tax fight last month). No such caucus was held prior to the tariff showdown, and we observed with surprise that Joe Martin did not raise his voice the first day, when the bill was fighting for its life . . .

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House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

¶ Point by point:

1) The numerical party alignment on the tariff votes may be "paramount" from the standpoint of a partisan politician; from any other standpoint the striking feature of the tariff vote was the historic shift disclosed inside both parties, particularly the shift among traditionally free-trade Southern Democrats influenced by the growing industrialization of the South. Had TIME sought to hide Republican opposition to the President's tariff programs, it would hardly have devoted so much space to the words and works of three prominent protectionist Republicans—Reed, Mason and Brown; nor would it have reported that "Tennessee's Democratic Representative Ross Bass lashed the Republicans for not supporting the bill," nor would it have chosen as symbols of the debate one Republican clearly labeled "Protectionist Mason" and one Democrat clearly labeled "Free-Trader Cooper."

2) Neither TIME nor its ten critics know how many Republican votes, if any, were changed by Martin's reading of the President's letter. The votes before and after Martin's efforts were on different questions.

3) The suggestion that Martin and the rest of the official Republican leadership were not really trying to pass the bill is contrary to the face of the record. The only facts cited by the ten freshmen are 1) that Joe Martin did not speak in the first part of the debate, and 2) that the Republican leadership did not hold a caucus. As the ten freshmen may learn, Martin (like Rayburn) does his most effective work by means other than speeches.

When a leadership knows it has a


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AIRLINE OF THE STARS



majority of its group, it will often call a caucus in the hope of enforcing a measure of party discipline on a minority. But the Republican leadership—as the vote proved—was by no means sure of a majority of Republicans. Under the circumstances, the lack of a caucus call was evidence that the Republican leaders were determined to support the President even against a majority of the G.O.P. Representatives—not that they wanted to kill the bill.—Ed.

Mathieu's Marks

Sir: Why does *TIME* waste space on a sideshow artist like Georges Mathieu (March 7)? ... It's performers like him who give modern art a reputation it does not deserve.

(A 3c) DAVID R. STORIE

Chanute Field, Ill.

Sir:

Mathieu's antics bring to mind a statement by Sadakichi Hartmann: "If you think that vaudeville is dead, look at modern art."

ALFRED E. HANSEN

Donalds, S.C.

Hadrian's Friend

Sir:

Thanks for the review of *Hadrian's Memoirs*, (Nov. 20). This review managed to state forcibly in a few lines some of my principal aims in writing this novel.

MARGUERITE YOURCENAR

Favence, Var, France

Facing Both Ways

Sir:

In the Feb. 21 issue you say: "... During World War II Nikita Khrushchev took care of the politics. Politics meant provoking German atrocities... to dissuade the captive Ukrainian people." Did German atrocities require Russian provoking?

IRENE McKEE

St. Louis

¶ In the first flush of their conquest of the Ukraine the Germans were welcomed as liberators. Within a year they had organized a vast army of collaborators, including thousands of Red army prisoners and deserters and battalions of disaffected minority groups, Circassians, Tartars, etc. Andrei Vlasov, a turncoat Red general, led the operation. An obvious Communist tactic was to destroy the Ukrainians' confidence in their new masters by deliberately provoking characteristic Nazi brutality. This they did by isolated acts of terrorism and sabotage and so successfully that Nazi policy soon changed from collaboration to genocide.—Ed.

Haul of Fame

Sir:

Your March 7 Cinema review of *Jupiter's Darling* has another gem: "Esther Williams' pictures are generally just so much water over the dam." It deserves to go in the hall of fame together with an early *Time* comment on a Clifford Odets picture after Odets had first come to Hollywood: "Odets, where is thy sting?"

HARRY LANTRY

Harden Lake, Idaho



Stetson Ivy League, Ten Dollars

Stetson stripes up the band this Spring

The Stetson Ivy League is more Ivy League than ever. What's new is the three-club stripe band that has become increasingly popular with college men and their alumnus friends. The outer stripes are black; the middle stripe blends with the shade of the hat. It is all very

muted, very different and very smart. Of course, it has the narrow brim and tapered crown that seem so natural with natural-line wardrobes. The Stetson Ivy League is priced at \$10.* Other Stetson Hats from \$12.95 to \$40. Stetson is part of the man.

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SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

TIME

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Houston: Bill O'Sullivan, Robert Auman, San Francisco:
Robert Pollard, Charles Mader, Robert Vorse, Seattle:
Robert Schuman, Robert Shogren, Ottawa: Berrell
Hollman, Bryan M. Higgins, Montreal: William W.
White, Toronto: Robert W. Gillespie

FOREIGN NEWS SERVICE

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Boyle, Frederick Green, Clara Applegate
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McFaire, Fred Klein, George Abel, Bores: James Bell,
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bell, Arthur Rosenbaum, Douglas Wright, Martin
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A LETTER from the PUBLISHER

Dear TIME-Reader:

One little word dominated the news last week. It was VALTA, a name that evoked many memories, re-posed many questions. One of the early questioners quoted by TIME (March 5, 1945) was George Bernard Shaw. The Valta Conference, snorted Shaw, was "an impudently incredible fairy tale... I for one should like to know what really passed... This will come out 20 years hence... But I shall not then be alive—I shall never know."

Last week, ten years and a few days after the event, Skeptic Shaw, if he were living, would have had his wish. On Wednesday night the State Department released the mass of records, notes and files on the meeting—834 pages, some half-million words of history. Headlines erupted around the world. Editors and editorial writers worked overtime to get chunks of the material into type.

It was too large a newsmal to digest in one sitting. The New York Times and the Chicago Tribune printed the entire conference text—prodigious publishing feats, and a nine-hour task for even a swift reader. In an editorial, Denver's Rocky Mountain News echoed the feelings and frustrations of many an editor: "It is a report that is going to require close reading, rereading, and then all the clarification that can be summoned. In the short time since its release, it would be humanly impossible to digest its full implica-

tions. We can only put down an impression or two."

To study, digest and interpret is the job of a weekly newsmagazine, one of the services that TIME must give its readers. This week TIME's editors present a special six-page section on the new Valta material, including three other related stories.

The story The Light of History, in NATIONAL AFFAIRS, reports domestic reaction to the release of the Valta documents and answers two key questions: Why were they released now, and what effect will it have on international relations?

The FOREIGN News Story Reaction to Valta is a roundup of official and unofficial reaction from abroad. In Press, How to Lose a Beat offers a classic example of a Washington "leak," and tells the details and professional mechanics of how the Valta papers got into public print.

The special Valta section deals with the documents—how the peace was lost before the war was won. It relates in detail how three men at the summit of authority sought to reshape the world in a week. What emerges is the real "spirit" of Valta, a story more tragic than sensational. It is, as Shaw remarked, an "incredible fairy tale," but one without a happy ending, as you will see upon reading The Valta Story.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linn

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Facts and Fiction ABOUT HIGH FIDELITY

HIGH FIDELITY is not a new invention. It is, in fact, the result of 20 years of evolution in recording and reproducing techniques. Until recently, however, the performance of phonographs was limited by the capacity of the records. Introduction of the vinylite long-playing record, which eliminated surface noise, made it possible to record an audio range encompassing the entire tonal spectrum of musical instruments.

These new records, with their thrilling concert-hall realism, opened up a new world of musical pleasure in the home. At the same time, they captured the enthusiasm of a new kind of hobbyist, the "hi-fi" fan. Interested more in sound than in music, he set out to "do it himself." As he hooked up his assorted components he became fascinated with creating sounds that are often mechanical—noises, incidental to music, which the musical artist strives to suppress.

The Fiction

AT THIS POINT, the sound-hobbyist and the music-lover frequently parted ways. Yet many lovers of music have been caught in the maze of confusion created by pseudo experts and writers who contend that true musical reproduction can be achieved only by selecting the "best" of numerous parts made by a variety of manufacturers and assembling them at home. It is a great deal like saying that a fine piano can be built only by assembling the action from Steinway, strings from Knabe, case and sounding board from Baldwin. To put it another way, it is like claiming that your garage mechanic can put together a better car than Cadillac.

This is not to say that home-assembled rigs will not produce High-Fidelity music. In fact, Magnavox itself offers integrated components systems for sound-hobbyists. But

claims that High-Fidelity can be attained *only* through hooking up assorted parts; or that such parts *cost less* for comparable performance than a factory-integrated instrument; or that "up to half" the price of this instrument goes into a *cabinet*—such claims are not true.

The Facts

COMPONENTS made for home assembly cost more to build, because of smaller sales volume, and they cost more to *sell*. Our own Magnavox components reflect similar higher costs. As for cabinets, the truth is that they represent only about 15 per cent of the total cost of a complete instrument. And because of volume production, this cost is actually *lower* than that for a comparable piece of good furniture.

Magnavox has been the pioneer in sound reproduction since 1915, and was the first to develop the electrodynamic speaker which is the voice of every modern sound system. Some of our pioneer inventors are still with us; in addition, a staff of younger engineering talents are specializing in High-Fidelity reproduction. As a result, Magnavox instruments are as superior today as they were recognized to be years ago by engineers, musicians, and music lovers alike.

Our High-Fidelity three-speed phonographs range in price from \$99.50 to \$198.50. AM-FM radio-phonographs are priced up to \$495. *Nothing finer is made*, regardless of price. "Magnasonic," model 251M, for example, sells for \$198.50. Yet it houses four speakers (two high-frequency speakers coaxially mounted with two 12-inch bass speakers), a 20-watt High-Fidelity power amplifier, and has a three-speed precision

record changer. The Magnavox Pianissimo Pick-up, with less "needle-talk" than *any*, has better tracking characteristics than any pick-up selling for less than \$80, as well as wider, smoother frequency response—all the elements that "hi-fi" fans consider essential except high price.

The Challenge

BUT when everything is said, *the real truth is in what you hear.*

If you are a High-Fidelity fan, Magnavox offers you the finest group of integrated component systems you have ever seen—amplifiers, speakers of various types, tuners, record-players. If you and your family love fine music but are not sound-hobbyists, Magnavox offers you true High-Fidelity in instruments that are fully integrated, precision-tested, and adjusted for optimum performance in your home. Modestly priced models reproduce tones such as you may never have heard from a phonograph record. More expensive instruments deliver an acoustical performance that cannot be excelled for any sum of money. I invite you to visit your Magnavox Dealer (he is listed under "Television" in your classified phone book) and listen to a thrilling demonstration.

If any of our 1955 Magnavox High-Fidelity instruments does not sound better to you than an assembled-components rig costing three times as much, your Magnavox Dealer will take back the instrument and refund the purchase price.

The magnificent
Magnavox
high fidelity radio-phonographs


Frank Freimann, President, The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne 4, Ind.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Light of History

The decade-old secrets of Yalta were out. In a sudden, historic move the U.S. Department of State last week released the text of official documents relating to the ill-fated meeting of Franklin Roosevelt, Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin in the Crimea. The documents were crammed with illuminating (and often appalling) details of the mood and manner in which the Big Three sliced up the world (see p. 27). In the clamor that followed publication of the papers, most Americans were interested in the answers to two questions: 1) Why did the State Department release them at this time? 2) What effect would their release have on international relations?

The Reason Why. The answer to the first question was no mystery. The State Department has a long-established policy of publishing official documents of historic interest about 15 years after the event. When the Republicans arrived in Washington in 1953, they began to apply pressure to hurry up the release date on the Yalta papers. On Capitol Hill California's Senator William Knowland and New Hampshire's Senator Styles Bridges were particularly insistent. Bridges' Appropriations Committee authorized special funds, and last summer the State Department's historical division began to compile and declassify the documents.

Recently, when the papers were ready for release, the British objected; they feared that publication would embarrass Sir Winston, the only surviving member of the Big Three. Because of this objection, the State Department decided to give the text only to 24 congressional leaders on a confidential basis. After some Democrats (including Georgia's venerable Walter George, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee) refused to accept copies, on the ground that they could not be kept confidential, the State Department decided to release none. But then a copy was "leaked" to the *New York Times* (see PRESS), and the accompanying furor led to a general release.

At first, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles was not inclined to discuss the publication of the documents. At Washington's National Airport, as Dulles departed for a visit to Canada, a reporter asked why the papers were made public. The usually composed Dulles flushed, stepped away from the microphones and thrust



REPUBLICANS BRIDGES & KNOWLAND
Whether Yalta, Potsdam or Geneva, a useful purpose served.

his face close to the reporter's. "I'm not going to stand here at this time to make a statement about Canada," he said, "and have a question like that shot at me." Then he strode furiously to his plane, leaving Canadian Ambassador Arnold Heeney behind. By the time he arrived in Ottawa, the Secretary had recovered his temper. Said he: There seemed to be no reason why the documents shouldn't be published, so they were.

An Ultimate Accounting. Some Democrats, e.g., Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, insisted that the release was purely a Republican political maneuver. As some angry reaction came in from abroad (see FOREIGN NEWS), Democrats charged that publication of the papers would do real harm to the U.S. position in the world. Said Foreign Relations Chairman George: "I regard the publication of these papers at this time as unfortunate. This action will make it difficult to have conferences with those nations with whom conferences must be had if we are to make progress toward world peace and stability."

Looking at the problem with a different perspective, Senate Republican Leader Knowland struck another note that would impress many readers of the Yalta papers. Said he: "If the disclosures dis-

courage two or three nations from thinking they can sit down behind closed doors—with no responsibility to their elected representatives and to the people—and proceed to parcel out nations and people without their consent, they will have served their purpose. Whether it be at Yalta, Potsdam or Geneva, a useful purpose will be served if every official who participates in negotiations realizes that he has an ultimate accounting to the people and that his decisions will have to stand the light of history."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Together

What is the role of allied foreign policy in relation to U.S. foreign policy? Allied nations can (and do) try to influence the making and changing of U.S. decisions. But can they soundly reject U.S. leadership outright?

For some time, U.S. policymakers have taken the position that on major questions of war and peace, duly discussed, the allied nations' only sense-making course is bound into the course set by the U.S. Some leaders in allied lands have received this position with bad grace, preferring to imply that their security does not necessarily depend on the U.S. Last week, min-

isters of two British Commonwealth nations left no doubt about their stand.

Speaking to Toronto's Canadian Club, Canadian External Affairs Secretary Lester Pearson observed: "Twice in this century Canada has been involved in a major war for periods of two years or more before our American neighbors came in. Today, I think that the neutrality of either of us . . . would be unthinkable. That is a tremendous change, and one which must affect all our relations with the U.S. . . . Certain U.S. commitments, those, for instance, covering help to Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa and certain coastal islands, have not been accepted by us. But that is not saying that they may not involve us . . . The fortunes of both our countries are interdependent. But the dependence of Canada on the U.S. is far greater than is the reverse. That is a fact which we must accept even if, at times, it makes us feel uncomfortable later."

In Washington two days later, Australia's Prime Minister Robert Gordon Menzies added the endorsement of his 9,000,000 people down under to what Pearson had said. "The enemy is very astute," Menzies told the U.S. Senate, "to seize upon every point of difference among the governments of free countries, and magnify them. I believe that the points of difference . . . are trivial . . . If we were contemplating a great world war in defense of freedom, you would know, I would know, everyone in Great Britain would know, all around the free world we would know, that we would all be in it together."

Loyal Opposition

When Dr. Kasim Gulek, 45, was invited to lecture in the U.S., Canada and Germany, it took him a month to clear his passport through the Turkish government. Although he is recognized as a distinguished statesman, he is a leader of the opposition Republican Party. The men in power in a democracy that held its first free election only nine years ago were afraid he might criticize them abroad.

Last week Dr. (of both law and economics) Gulek was near the end of his stay in the U.S. He had lectured at Columbia, Princeton, Harvard, M.I.T., spoken before influential groups in New York, Atlanta, Cincinnati, Birmingham, Nashville and Washington, D.C. Everywhere, he refused to be drawn into a discussion of domestic politics: "Foreign policy is not a party matter in Turkey . . . I have been conscious of my opportunity to serve my country, and I have tried to emphasize the broad national issues. I've tried to emphasize the constructive part of my country's policies. In this way, I think, because I'm a member of the opposition, I've been a better salesman for my country."

Instead of criticizing his political opponents, Dr. Gulek emphasized Turkey's basic strength and unity: "In the past 200 years Turkey has fought 14 wars with Russia. No family history in Turkey is without its losses to some Russian campaign. When the child is naughty, the

mother warns that the Muscovite is coming. When, in 1946, Russia was in great favor among the Western allies, Turkey was alone. One day the Cabinet received a note demanding three strategically placed provinces and 'participation' in defense of the straits . . . The Cabinet met immediately, but there was almost no discussion. There could be only one answer. No. Turkey would not even discuss the Russian demands. It was the right answer. It was clear that if Russia moved, no one could be counted on to come to our aid. Yet we were ready to fight. Nothing happened. Nothing at all."

As Kasim Gulek finished his visit, which was a model for any country's opposition leader abroad, he had in his pocket a long cable from home: the Premier congratulated him for the patriotic way in which he had conducted himself and had served the best interests of Turkey.



SISTER OF CHARITY & FRIEND
Every night a prayer.

THE PRESIDENCY

The Alligator & the Squirrels

One rainy afternoon last week, President Eisenhower took over a chore for his wife and came face to face with an angry alligator. Because of the bad weather, Mamie Eisenhower, just recovered from the flu, was unable to make a scheduled appearance at the National Capital Flower and Garden Show. "I've been a lot of places in my life," Ike said as he took her place, "but this is my first jaunt to a flower show. If I make any mistakes, don't hold it against me."

"Shame!" In the National Guard Armory the air was fragrant with thousands of blossoms. Soft music wafted across the dappled, indoor, 1½ acres, and Ike's entrance caused a mob scene. The President's first stop was at a 50-ft. bower of white tulips, English boxwood, azaleas, dogwood and rhododendron, which had been planted in honor of Mamie and would be transplanted intact to the Eisenhower farm in

Gettysburg, Pa. Ike was particularly impressed by a shoulder-high serpentine wall that enclosed the garden; he had never seen one before.*

After admiring the garden, the President accepted a dozen long-stemmed roses for Mamie, which he turned over to a Secret Service man. When the man left to put the flowers in the car, an indignant garden clubber let out a yelp. "Where's he going with our flowers?" she demanded.

Inspecting the floral wonders, Ike admired the azaleas ("I love those") and an enormous (3 ft. across) African violet, fingered some rare orchids, tossed seven quarters in a series of wishing ponds, accepted a boutonniere. His progress was difficult, what with the enveloping reporters and photographers, officials and a fluttering brood of dowagers pleading that the flowers be spared. When a photographer slipped ankle-deep into a pond, a glaring garden clubber cried, "Shame!"

"By Gum!" At an exhibit of tropical plants, the President encountered the alligator, a three-footer from Florida. When the attendant said that the grinning reptile would bite, the President backed up. "Well," he said, "he's not going to bite me, by gum."

As he was leaving the armory, the President paused to greet two Catholic Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, who told him, "We say a prayer for you every night, Mr. President." Replied Ike: "Thank you very much. I need them."

Last week the President also:

¶ Disclosed at his press conference that the U.S. would probably use tactical atomic weapons in a major military action. "In any combat where these things are used on strictly military targets for strictly military purposes," he said, "I see no reason why they shouldn't be used just exactly as you would use a bullet or anything else."

¶ Nominated Allen Whitfield, a Des Moines lawyer and a Republican, to be a member of the Atomic Energy Commission, succeeding Joseph Campbell, who has been named head of the General Accounting Office.

¶ Asked Congress for \$12 million to develop emergency civil-defense plans against H-bomb attacks and fall-outs.

¶ Admired Senator George Bender's St. Patrick's Day necktie—a deep green foulard bearing the presidential seal—and promptly traded his own tie (brown, with a trace of green) for Bender's.

¶ Gave up in his fight with White House squirrels, which have been digging up the velvet surface of his putting green. An ultrasonic whistle, box traps and a tape recording of dog and cat noises all failed to conquer the animals, and the President admitted that he had at last lost a campaign.

* Also an admirer of the serpentine wall was another President, Thomas Jefferson. After seeing "ribbon walls" in England, Jefferson reproduced them at the University of Virginia because they were 1) esthetically pleasing, and 2) structurally stronger than straight walls of the same width.

THE CONGRESS

End of a Dream

A tax cut had become the Democrats' biggest political issue in the 84th Congress. In the House, Speaker Sam Rayburn managed to push through a \$20-a-person cut, despite opposition by the Eisenhower Administration. Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson knew that he could not get the flat \$20 cut through the Senate, so he designed a tax bill that was a politician's dream: it seemed to help the little fellow, to hurt the bigger fellow, and to help balance the budget. Nevertheless, the Senate last week voted down Johnson's dream.

Byrd on the Floor. Most Democrats had flocked to Johnson's side with enthusiasm. Oklahoma's big Bob Kerr and Illinois' professorial Paul Douglas indulged in a colloquy designed to heap ridicule on the opposition. Douglas asked if Kerr would like to know why a part of the Eisenhower Administration's tax policy "is like the Latin verb *alo*." Kerr allowed that he would. Smirked Douglas: "It is present, it is imperfect, and it has no future."

But beneath the Democrats' fun, there was a sobering fact. The party's two finance experts, Virginia's Harry Byrd and Georgia's Walter George, thought that Lyndon Johnson's political dream was a fiscal nightmare. Johnson's plan affected several phases of tax policy, but its heart was a \$20 cut for each taxpayer plus a \$20 cut for each dependent (except the spouse), balanced against repeal of the Eisenhower Administration's tax credit on stock-dividend income. Johnson maintained that the proposal would add almost \$5 billion to U.S. revenue. But Harry Byrd, a better man with tax figures than Lyndon Johnson, said that it would result in a net loss of nearly \$600 million. Tax expert Byrd's conclusion: Johnson's jerry-built plan would dangerously weaken the nation's tax structure.

© A grammatical monster of defective conjugation meaning I say.



Dowling—copyright, 1955, N. Y. Herald Tribune, Inc.
"ANYWAY, IT WAS AN IDEA"



SECRETARY HUMPHREY WITH SENATORS BYRD & WILLIAMS*

It was allowable to say "Hurrah!"

International

Bridges in the Rooms. While Byrd effectively operated as the floor manager against the tax cut (and Delaware's Republican Senator John Williams as the G.O.P.'s most persistent orator), New Hampshire's Republican Senator Styles Bridges ran the campaign in the cloak-room. Operator Bridges, an expert in dispensing political favors, collected some of his many I.O.U.s to keep Republicans in line. Some farm Senators, e.g., Idaho's Herman Welker, North Dakota's Milton Young and South Dakota's Francis Case, all up for re-election next year, seemed to be wavering toward a tax cut, until Bridges urged them back. Wisconsin's Joe McCarthy was itching for a chance to plant a dirk in the Administration's side, until he was reminded that Bridges stood by him in the censure episode.

From his position outside the arena, Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey, who wanted only a one-year extension of present corporate-income-tax rates and some excise taxes, ran in a few rounds. Characterizing Johnson's plan as a "political quickie gimmick," he said: "You don't help to increase the purchasing power of the little folks by repealing the laws which are helping to make their jobs."

When the Senate finally voted, the count was 50-44 against the Johnson plan. The Republicans, with the exception of North Dakota's Maverick Bill Langer, voted in a solid bloc. Three other Southern Democrats (Louisiana's Ellender, Florida's Holland, Virginia's Robertson) joined Byrd and George in voting against. Only two of the Senate's 96 members failed to vote: Massachusetts' Democrat John Kennedy, who is ill, and Maine's Republican Margaret Chase Smith, who was abroad doing legwork for an Edward R. Murrow television show.

At President Eisenhower's press conference next day, a reporter asked Ike if he would like to comment on the Senate

action. Grinned the President: "Would it be allowable to just say hurrah?"

Last week the Senate also:

¶ Confirmed New York Judge John Marshall Harlan as an Associate Supreme Court Justice by a vote of 71 to 11 (nine Southern Democrats, who suspect they will not like Harlan's views on segregation, and Republicans Langer and Welker, who do not like his "internationalism").

¶ Confirmed New York Accountant Joseph Campbell, former atomic energy commissioner, as U.S. Comptroller General by voice vote (in which a few loud nays were heard from Democrats who resent Campbell's approval of the Dixon-Yates contract).

¶ Confirmed New Jersey Mathematician John Von Neumann as an atomic energy commissioner and Ohio's Republican Lawyer George C. McConaughy as a federal communications commissioner.

¶ Approved expenditure of \$125,000 for an investigation of juvenile delinquency, but only after Louisiana Democrat Allen Ellender had charged that Tennessee Democrat Estes Kefauver would waste the money getting himself "plenty of advertising" on television and radio.

Meanwhile, the House:

¶ Appropriated \$3,282,533,000 for the Treasury and Post Office, \$77,697,000 below the request.

¶ Passed a bill under which congressional committees could ask federal courts to order balking witnesses to appear, thus subjecting them to contempt-of-court penalties for refusal.

¶ Heard New York's Democratic Congressman James J. Delaney attack Hawaiian statehood before the Rules Committee on the ground that Hawaii is a volcanic island. Said he: "Just suppose a whole island was eliminated. They would still have their two U.S. Senators."

* In rear: Senators Millikin of Colorado and Martin of Pennsylvania.

THE ADMINISTRATION

A Slot for Harold

For many weeks a question has fascinated capital gossip and bothered Administration officials: What will happen to Harold Stassen when his Foreign Operations Administration expires June 30?

Besides its interest to Harold Stassen, the question was important because, pending its solution, no decision could be made on how to reorganize foreign-aid programs. Last week FO Administrator Stassen returned from a 10,000-mile seven-country tour of Asia, to report on U.S. aid needs there, and the world learned about his next assignment: the President has appointed him a special White House Assistant for Disarmament.

Said President Eisenhower: "The recent session of the disarmament commission of the U.N. has again resulted in no progress and no clear crystallization of thinking on this subject. It has an inseparable relationship to our constant objective of peace." Stassen's new post carries Cabinet rank, probably the first such that any government has devoted exclusively to disarmament.

Few Washington observers doubted the President's sincere hope that somehow an enforceable plan for world disarmament might be found. But there is no evidence that Russia is likely to become more tractable on disarmament proposals than it has been in the past. Therefore, the practicality of Stassen's new assignment is in doubt, giving rise to Washington guessing that it is a make-work slot to keep Harold busy pending a vacancy in a top operating post.

With Stassen's personal future temporarily tended to, the Administration is expected to parcel out FOA's economic functions to the State Department, its military functions to the Pentagon.

ARMED FORCES

Missiles with Minds

At the Air Force Institute of Technology at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base one morning last week, Assistant Secretary of the Air Force, Trevor Gardner huddled over with guided-missile news. He had glowing words about the Falcon, an air-to-air missile with an electronic brain. Falcons will be carried by interceptors and fired at enemy bombers as much as five miles away. Then the electronic brain will take over, and the Falcon will track its prey across the sky, supersessionally following every move the enemy makes to escape.

"The Falcon is one of the most important contributions to defense since the development of radar," said Gardner. "Virtually every hit is a sure kill. The missile receives target information with the speed of light. It decides what to do without ever making any of the mistakes humans might make. It . . . can destroy any enemy bomber in the world . . . with split-second accuracy. Falcon represents an achievement in scientific research, in-

vention and production almost without parallel."

Gardner had plenty to say about other missiles, too. Items:

❑ Tests on the Bomarc, a long-range pilotless interceptor, "are very encouraging."

❑ In an advanced stage of development is the Rascal, an air-to-ground strategic missile that will be released high in the air from a bomber and carry a nuclear warhead about 100 miles.

❑ Three strategic intercontinental missiles, for long-range striking power, are under accelerated development. "These are the Navaho, the Snark and the Atlas. . . . Such missiles [as the Atlas] approaching a target present the enemy with



U.S. Air Force—Department of Defense
THE FALCON'S TRAIL
Look out for alley cats.

an incredibly—and almost hopelessly—difficult defensive job."

While the Air Force does have some remarkable missiles, the stratospheric claims of Airman Gardner had the bumptious ring of old-style Air Force press-agency. The missiles are less than the ultimate in weapons. The "sure-kill" Falcon will still depend on planes to get it to the right place, at the right time, under the right circumstances. Some missiles, like artillery shells, will be duds, and the enemy bombers will fly over. Even clever missiles may be fooled, e.g., a shower of shiny metal like Christmas tree tinsel can be as distracting to a radar hunter as an alley cat to a beagle.

The enemy will surely have missiles and counter-missiles—means of dodging, destroying or distracting guided missiles. Electronic brains may well be subject to electronic brainwashing.

SEQUELS

A Matter of Motivation

Last November Lieut. Charles C. Anderson, 25—a hard-boiled career infantryman with a distinguished combat record—was court-martialed for brutal training methods. (When a man collapsed doing pushups, Anderson had a cross put in his mouth and said: "If he wanted to act like he was dead, I wanted him to look like he was dead.") Anderson was cashiered. Last week an Army Review Board upheld the court-martial, but rejected the sentence. It fined Infantryman Anderson \$450, permitted him to stay in uniform. Ruled the board: "The circumstances found in the case of Anderson's action, inexcusable as they were . . . did not reflect a criminal mind or motivation."

RACES

New Beachhead

On July 3, 1950, Letter Carrier Robert M. Dawson Jr. and his four small children were ordered off the municipal beach at Baltimore's Fort Smallwood Park and sent home. Reason: they are Negroes. The Dawsons took the case to court, and last December Baltimore's Federal District Judge Roszel C. Thomsen ruled that the family had no right to be at the Fort Smallwood beach, because Baltimore maintains separate but equal swimming facilities for Negroes. Judge Thomsen held that the U.S. Supreme Court, in its historic decision banning segregation in public schools (TIME, May 24), specifically "refrained from deciding . . . in fields other than education."

Last week the U.S. Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals at Richmond took an entirely different view of the Dawson case. Said the Appeals Court: the old "separate but equal" doctrine has been "swept away" by an impressive series of recent U.S. Supreme Court opinions, including the school decision.

"It is now obvious," said the Appeals Court, "that segregation cannot be justified as a means to preserve the public peace merely because the tangible facilities furnished to one race are equal to those furnished to the other . . . Racial segregation in recreational activities can no longer be sustained as a proper exercise of the police power of the State; for if that power cannot be invoked to sustain racial segregation in the schools, where attendance is compulsory and racial friction may be apprehended from the enforced commingling of the races, it cannot be sustained with respect to public beach and bathhouse facilities, the use of which is entirely optional."

If the Appeals Court decision stands, Negroes will be free to use public beaches, bathhouses and parks long closed to them in the South. Maryland officials quietly took the verdict "under study," but some Southern state leaders, who have threatened to close rather than desegregate their public schools, began to talk about closing their public parks, too.

TRIALS

Change of Scene & Situation

When he sat before the cameras on Capitol Hill (TIME, Feb. 14 *et seq.*), False Witness Harvey Matusow appeared to enjoy his role. He babbled about his stringless Yo-Yo, eagerly called himself a liar, and caused consternation among Congressmen, who thought he should be jailed for perjury. The legal problem: Could the Government, in prosecution for perjury, clearly establish specific Matusow lies, as distinguished from his occasional truths? Last week, for Harvey Matusow, both the scene and the situation changed.

Witt's End. Matusow went to El Paso to testify that he had lied when he helped to convict Clinton Jencks, an official of the Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers' Union, which was thrown out of the C.I.O. in 1950 for being Communist-dominated. On the strength of Matusow's recanting, Jencks, who had been convicted of falsifying a non-Communist affidavit, was requesting a new trial. The motion was being heard before Federal District Judge Robert Thomason, a onetime Democratic Congressman with a reputation as a liberal and a first-class lawyer. Judge Thomason changed the situation for Matusow.

When Communist Lawyer Nathan Witt, representing Jencks, refused to answer whether he is now or ever has been a Communist, Judge Thomason threw Witt out of court. He held that a lawyer has a special duty to deny himself the protection of the Fifth Amendment in a case where he is counsel. After hearing the evidence, Judge Thomason made two more clear-cut decisions. He denied Jencks's motion for a new trial, and then he turned to the Matusow problem.

Matusow's Commencement. Said Judge Thomason: "Matusow, alone or with others, willfully and nefariously and for the

purpose of defrauding this court and subverting the true course of the administration of justice . . . schemed to and actually used this court of law as a forum for the purpose of calling public attention to a book, purportedly written by Matusow, entitled *False Witness*. This court finds the fact to be that as early as Sept. 21, 1954, responsible officials of the International Union of Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers . . . subsidized the writing and publication of this book . . . I find that Matusow willfully . . . lent himself to this evil scheme for money and for notoriety.

"It is my firm conviction, moreover, that this hearing was deliberately brought on for the purpose of attacking the judgment of this court, attacking the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Justice Department, in a carefully thought-out scheme to generally discredit . . . the testimony of undercover agents and former Communist Party members . . . Matusow [has] obviously made an effort to convert these proceedings into a trial of the Department of Justice rather than of the issues before the court."

Thereupon, Judge Thomason found Matusow guilty of contempt of court, a finding that avoided the legal complications involved in a perjury charge. He sentenced Matusow to three years in prison, and ordered him held in \$10,000 bail. At that point, Matusow's stock appeared to have reached a new low. An El Paso bondsman, only recently released from the penitentiary, where he served sentence for receiving stolen goods, said: "I wouldn't post bond for that S.O.B."

POLITICAL NOTES

The Man Who Wasn't There

Almost any audience larger than a two-some has an attraction for California's Governor Goodwin Jess Knight, who travels tirelessly around the state with his vocal cord ready for the shake and his vocal cords for the speech. But last week "Goody" Knight conspicuously stayed away from a banner Republican gathering in Southern California. Reason: the guest of honor was Vice President Richard Nixon, a fellow Californian whose hand Governor Knight prefers not to shake.

Nice & Busy. The differences between Knight and Nixon are both personal and political. Some Californians trace open signs of ill will to a 1952 campaign incident, when Knight was brushed off (and shoved out of camera range) when he showed up to welcome Nixon at a California airport. Ever since then, Goody has spoken sulphurously of Dick in private, and the California G.O.P. central committee, which the governor controls, has slighted the Vice President instead of offering him the traditional home-state support. Last week the governor welcomed the Vice President with the warmth of an arctic midnight.

Nixon was there at the invitation of the Los Angeles World Affairs Council, to make a report on his recent Caribbean trip (TIME, March 14). Local G.O.P.



Murray Gorrell—Graphic House

VICE PRESIDENT NIXON
One disenchanting noontime.

leaders decided to welcome him with a party gathering, made plans for a luncheon at the Ambassador Hotel. "It was agreed," said Los Angeles county G.O.P. Chairman John Krebbel. "that Governor Knight should be honorary chairman." But when Krebbel phoned to ask the governor, Goody was not enthusiastic. "That's nice," he said, "but I'll have to look at my calendar."

Tickets for the Nixon luncheon sold so fast that the Ambassador's five dining rooms were all booked—the first time all were ever taken for a single event. The committee, sure that Goody could not keep away, announced that he was to be the honorary chairman. But Goody's office sent an unsigned letter, written by a stenographer, saying that he could not come: he had a TV engagement with some A.F.L. Teamsters' Union officials and a dinner date with state legislators.

Gentle as a Razor. When Vice President Nixon arrived at the Ambassador on the appointed day, the hotel was jammed with a record turnout of 2,520 cheering California Republicans. Absent: Governor Knight, Knight's Lieutenant Governor Harold J. Powers and Knight's State G.O.P. Chairman Thomas W. Caldecott. Goody Knight's telegraphed message was so obviously cool that Luncheon Chairman Krebbel would not read it out or show it to reporters.

In his speech, Nixon exacted the sweet and subtle vengeance of polite politics. "We can't afford petty quarrels," he said. Then, with the gentleness of a new razor blade, he named and praised outstanding California Republicans. He had something good to say about U.S. Senators William F. Knowland and Thomas H. Kuchel; he mentioned former Governor (now U.S. Chief Justice) Earl Warren. But never once did he utter the name of Goodwin J. Knight. There was only a passing reference to "our present governor."



Wayne Miller—Lia

GOVERNOR KNIGHT
One arctic midnight.



LOWER MANHATTAN at dusk presents a jagged silhouette against the evening sky. As seen from Brooklyn: Battery at left, Wall Street's towers, center, and Brooklyn Bridge, right.

MANHATTAN

City of Lights & Towers

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY GEORGE STROCK

THE first sight of the New York skyline moves some visitors (particularly those who are arriving in the U.S. for the first time) to tears. In others, the city arouses feelings of excitement, fear, exaltation, anger, loneliness or awe. But whatever emotion it uncovers, the big town has an impact that leaves few untouched.

The great city has something for everybody, and quite a bit that nobody really wants. It is possible, in mid-Manhattan, to retreat to other, gentler times and far-off places. The prams, poodles and clomp-clumping hansoms of Central Park might belong to Paris; in the *Bierstuben* and *Konditoreien* of Yorkville the traveler can find a bit of Munich; the ordered elegance of Gramercy Park is like that of Regency London. Yet the city is, essentially, millions of pieces of America held together by cement.

Swarming millions have responded to the challenge of the towers that rise above the sidewalks of New

York and have come to accept the growl of the subways that run beneath them. In the market places of Wall Street, under the pulsating lights of Broadway, along the haughty course of Park Avenue, in the squalor of the slums, the city's emotions, morals, hopes and fears rise as high as the towers and descend below the subways. To many a bewildered traveler it is "a fine place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there." Many New Yorkers are not sure that they want to live there, either, but they do not actually want to live anywhere else. Poet John Reed* caught their mood:

*Who that has known thee but shall burn
In exile till he come again
To do thy bitter will, O stern
Moon of the tides of men!*

* Who in 1918 exiled himself to Moscow, is buried in a wall of the Kremlin.



MODEL HOUSING developments like Peter Cooper Village (left) and Stuyvesant Town break up bleak gridiron of East Side slums.



↑ **TIMES SQUARE** at night changes the drab crossing of Broadway and Seventh Avenue, infested by honky-tonks and pinball parlors, into a glittering cityscape lit by the world's

most elaborate advertising signs. This view, looking north from 45th Street, includes 14 movie houses and theaters, plus nightclubs, barbershops, dance halls, coffee bars and haberdasheries.







↓ SUNSET PANORAMA from atop the RCA Building in Rockefeller Center shows a red-rimmed sky over New Jersey, while below Manhattan's lights go on, turning the

city into a sparkling, jeweled honeycomb. Glowing in the night are the blue slab of the U.N. (far left), the Empire State Building (center) and Times Square (lower right).





CENTRAL PARK, extending from Harlem to blocks down Fifth Avenue (left), is a superbly



landscaped oasis of lakes, playgrounds, lawns
and shady walks in the heart of Manhattan.

THE YALTA STORY

The Peace Was Lost By Ignoring Justice And the Facts of Life

IN the year of total victory in the greatest of all wars, Winston Churchill concluded a top-secret cable to Franklin Roosevelt with this foreboding sentence: I THINK THAT THE END OF THIS WAR MAY WELL PROVE TO BE MORE DISAPPOINTING THAN WAS THE LAST. It did. Why and how the peace was lost before the war was won is revealed in the U.S. State Department's Yalta record, released ten years after the conference.

Much of last week's comment on the Yalta papers said that they disclosed "nothing new," meaning not much meat for headline writers. The memoirs of Churchill, Stettinius, Byrnes, Leahy—and calamitous events in Europe and Asia—had long since made plain the outlines of Yalta's decisions. Nor did the Yalta documents add any sensational weapons to the arsenals of those who believe that Roosevelt was infallible or of those who think he was puppeteered at Yalta by a Communist cabal among his own staff.

The truth seems to be even more grievous. What the published record does better than either memoirists or events could do is to unveil the "spirit of Yalta," which showed itself before Yalta and is not dead yet. The mark of this spirit is a stubborn refusal to face political reality. From beginning to end of the Yalta record there is an almost total absence of recognition that justice is the only enduring restraint upon power, the only basis for order. On the American side in the fateful days of conference in the Crimea, there were vague dreams, but an almost total absence of the pursuit of justice through the hard complexities of the world as it is.

The record now available is complete and coherent enough to show what was not said at the conference table and what was not attempted. The Americans were not frustrated by Communist obstinacy. They were not overborne by the implications of Communist military power. They were not hoodwinked by diabolical Communist cunning. They carried their defeat in their own heads. They bound their own hands. They delivered themselves and the peace to Stalin.

The Poverty of Totality. The spirit of Yalta as disclosed by the documents has its roots at least as far back as the mid-1930s, when the U.S. and Britain refused to play the kind of practical politics, inspired by obvious considerations of world order, that would have curbed or destroyed Hitler. They thus brought on themselves the Unnecessary War, as Churchill was to call it. Swept into this vortex, the Americans and British embraced their enemies' slogan of "total

war." It was so total that the future beyond the war's end seemed infinitely remote. If war aims were difficult to agree upon, then the formula for ending the war would be total, or unconditional, surrender. Alliances, too, were to be total in scope and of ever-loving duration.

But all wars, however total, must end, and by February 1945, when the Yalta-men convened, the military situation was so far advanced toward victory that the future could no longer be brushed aside. From the pre-conference cables, extending over seven months, Franklin Roosevelt seems to have had the greatest sense of urgency about the meeting, although he never expressed a clear idea of what the agenda was to be. In preparation for the conference, the pharaonic hosts of specialists who toiled in the American bureaucracy sent up to the top of the pyramid briefing papers giving facts and recommendations on various points of policy.

The briefing was little used at Yalta. What kind of a postwar world did Roosevelt want to make in a week? The record shows a shocking poverty of proposals. Some Roosevelt attitudes and aims, disclosed at Yalta:

¶ A United Nations organization to keep the peace must be established. In the Yalta argument about U.N. Charter details, Roosevelt and Stalin put the emphasis on the big power approach, leaving it for Churchill, the "imperialist," to defend, sometimes warmly, sometimes cynically, the rights of small nations before the law. Russian objections to U.S. voting-procedure sections of the draft charter foreshadowed the lawless future course of Communist policy; but all arguments over the charter came back to the familiar door, the necessity of total Big Three cooperation and agreement.

¶ A settlement of the Polish question must be found—not because the principles on which the Western powers entered the

war would be violated by a Communist slave state in Poland, but because the question embarrassed Roosevelt in domestic politics. He did not make the case for justice to Poland. He never used in the Polish bargaining the enormous leverage given him by Russia's economic need or by prospective U.S.-British control of West Germany. He simply begged Stalin, as one politician to another, not to embarrass him with the Polish voters of the U.S.

¶ The future of Germany was central to every proposal affecting any part of post-war Europe, yet Roosevelt was not prepared for serious discussion of a German peace. At the Quebec Conference of September 1944 he had fallen for the Morgenthau plan for a "pastoralized" Germany. At Yalta he abandoned pastoralization in favor of dismembering Germany into "five or seven parts." But he had told Secretary of State Cordell Hull a few months before that no plans for Germany should be made until "we get into Germany—and we are not there yet."

¶ On the Far East, Roosevelt had Stalin's 1943 promise, first given without any mention of a price, that Russia would go into the war against Japan soon after the conclusion of the German war. The question of a price to Russia entered the negotiations later, partly at Stalin's initiative, partly at Roosevelt's. At Yalta, there was no haggling about Stalin's price; he got all he asked, without argument. Roosevelt apparently welcomed the expansion of Russian power in the Western Pacific. Behind Churchill's back, Roosevelt offered Stalin participation in a Korean trusteeship from which Roosevelt proposed to exclude Britain; Stalin disclaimed the bait. Behind Chiang Kai-shek's back, Roosevelt gave Stalin his view of China's internal strife: "The fault lay more with the Kuomintang [Chiang's party] . . . than with the so-called Communists." Stalin

U.S. Army Signal Corps



did not argue. If this was Roosevelt's view, then world Communism would know how the U.S. stood when the Red Axis began to destroy Chiang with the concessions in Manchuria that Roosevelt made at Yalta—also behind Chiang's back.

Prelude to Discord. U.S. apologists for Yalta have said for years that its mistakes are only apparent by hindsight, that the circumstances of 1945, especially the brave and loyal Russian record of cooperation in the war, made reasonable the assumption that Russia, Britain and the U.S. could act in postwar concert. The record as now revealed undercuts this argument. Stalin, at least, kept his head above the tide of comradeship. He defined his national and party objectives, studied them carefully, defended them with lucid (if dishonest) arguments, and attained them. Some of his aims seemed quite limited when compared to the ballooning notions of world reorganization cherished in Washington; Stalin fought for one river boundary of Poland against another with the myopic pertinacity of a 17th century diplomat arguing over a second-string fortress. But of these small, ignominious chunks of reality was the actual postwar world built.

Nor did Roosevelt at Yalta act and talk like a man who wholly believed in the future concert of the Big Three. He and Churchill did not talk to Stalin in their natural voices; they descended again and again to the level of cynicism on which they knew Stalin to be morally at home.

Far from wholly trusting their Russian wartime comrades, Churchill and Roosevelt did not even trust each other. Roosevelt and many of his entourage believed that there would indeed be a postwar struggle. They saw the antagonisms as Communist Russia and imperialist Britain. Roosevelt saw his own role as balancing between them, thus keeping the Grand Alliance intact through his own skillful brokerage. Aware of what Roosevelt and his advisers were doing, Churchill had to half-muzzle himself. If he opposed the Russians too strongly, Roosevelt would swing to their side. At one point in the Yalta proceedings, the record shows that Harry Hopkins slipped Roosevelt a note: "The Russians have given in so much at this conference that I don't think we should let them down. Let the British disagree if they want to." Admiral William D. Leahy, presidential chief of staff, who attended the conference, said that Roosevelt at Yalta "showed great skill and his personality dominated the discussions. Since he was the presiding officer and most of the arguments were between Stalin and Churchill, he played the role of arbiter."

From the record, the conclusion can hardly be escaped that neither the British nor the Americans believed in their hearts what they kept telling themselves: that the postwar world could be organized on a rock of unity with Russia. They knew that democracy and Communism would not blend, but they could not find any other assumption upon which to face the

postwar period. Communist propaganda, then very powerful in the U.S. and Britain, contributed to the myth that all but the Communist leaders half believed. But the main damage for which Yalta stands was not contrived by the Communists. It began in the marriage of political dreaming and political cynicism, in the notion that the world is what the powerful want it to be.

The Argonauts

On July 17, 1944 President Roosevelt wired Joseph Stalin: "Things are moving so fast and so successfully that I feel there should be a meeting between you and Mr. Churchill and me." This set off a six-month tizzy of top-secret cables, as the Big Three squabbled over a meeting place like a family bickering about where to spend the summer.

Roosevelt first suggested to Stalin that the "most central point for you and me would be the north of Scotland." Stalin scotched that idea with the reply, through Ambassador Averell Harriman, that he had suffered ear trouble after his 1943 trip to Teheran, and this his "doctors considered any change of climate would have a bad effect." In the face of this rebuff, the eager Roosevelt sent word that the Black Sea area might be suitable. Stalin said he "would be delighted."

For months thereafter, Roosevelt and Churchill tried to wriggle out of the Black Sea site.

F.D.R. to Churchill: "Do you think it is possible to get U.J. ['Uncle Joe'] to come to Athens or Cyprus?"

Churchill to F.D.R.: "I suppose there would be . . . difficulty in Russian warships coming out of the Black Sea . . . One way would be for Turkey to declare war, which I expect she would be very willing to do. But I am not at all sure that the Russians would welcome this at the present juncture."

F.D.R. to Churchill: "What do you think of the possibility of our inducing U.J. to meet with us in Piraeus, Salonica or Constantinople?"

Churchill to F.D.R.: "I am somewhat attracted by the suggestion of Jerusalem. Here, there are first-class hotels . . . We ought to put the proposition to U.J. and throw on him the onus of refusing. After all, we are respectable people, too."

F.D.R. to Churchill: "I had hoped that Uncle Joe could come to Rome or Malta or Taormina or Egypt, but if he will not—and insists on the Black Sea—I could do it even at great difficulty . . ."

F.D.R. to Ambassador Harriman: "I am prepared to go to the Crimea and have the meeting at Yalta . . ."

Churchill to F.D.R.: "Have you a name for this operation? If not, I suggest 'Argonaut,' which has a local but not deducible association."

Even as the delegations were on the way to Yalta, Harry Hopkins reported to F.D.R. that Churchill "says that if we had spent ten years on research, we could

not have found a worse place in the world than Yalta . . . He claims it is good for typhus and deadly lice, which thrive in those parts."

Knowing how important it would be to coordinate U.S.-British views beforehand, Churchill insisted on a meeting at Malta preceding the Yalta Conference. The Prime Minister pointed out that there was much work to be done.

Churchill to F.D.R.: "I do not see any other way of realizing our hopes about world organization in five or six days. Even the Almighty took seven."

When the new Argonauts had their travel plans nearly completed, Churchill cabled Roosevelt: "No more let us falter. From Malta to Yalta. Let nobody alter."

The United Nations

The time had come for the first discussion of President Roosevelt's postwar dream, a world organization to maintain peace and security. What voice should be allowed the small nations of the world? Prime Minister Churchill genially paraphrased Shakespeare: "The eagle should permit the small birds to sing and care not whereof they sing."

Marshal Stalin was not interested in proverbs, or in the twitter of small birds. "Marshal Stalin," goes the record, "made it quite plain on a number of occasions that he felt that the three great powers, which had borne the brunt of the war and had liberated the small powers, should have the unanimous right to preserve the peace of the world."

UNGUARDED MOMENTS

ON Stalin's night to play host at dinner, "The atmosphere," says the record, "was most cordial and 45 toasts in all were drunk." Under sparkling chandeliers at Yusupovsky Palace sat the men casually engaged in reshaping the globe.

Marshal Stalin, the cobbler's son who was on the way to inheriting a quarter of the earth, proposed a toast to the Prime Minister of Great Britain: "The bravest governmental figure in the world . . . fighting friend, and a brave man." Winston Churchill, the pink-cheeked giant of Western statesmen, who was about to be ousted from power, raised glass to Marshal Stalin, who, "in peace no less than in war, will continue to lead his people from success to success." Stalin drank to the health of the President of the U.S., "the chief forger of the instruments [for] mobilization of the world against Hitler." Franklin Delano Roosevelt, gentleman by birth and democrat by career, who was soon to die, offered his toast, to "give every man, woman and child on this earth the possibility of security and well-being."

* Argonaut Leader Jason sailed the Black Sea in quest of the fleece of the golden ram.

Put that way, all three powers were agreed. But the argument arose over whether any of the Big Three should be able to stop U.N. discussion that it did not like, or just to block action. Churchill thought the small powers should have some rights, however limited.

"In the last resort," says the report, paraphrasing Churchill, "world peace depended on the friendship and cooperation of the three governments, but . . . they were committing an injustice if reservation were not made for free statement . . . by small countries." Of course, if China should demand the return of Hong Kong, there could be a full discussion.

"... Marshal Stalin then said, 'Suppose Egypt raised the question of the return of the Suez Canal? ...'

"The Prime Minister replied that he hoped that Marshal Stalin would let him finish his illustration in regard to Hong Kong . . . Under paragraph 3 [of the veto formula] Great Britain in fact would have the right of their veto to stop all action . . . Great Britain would not be required to return Hong Kong unless they felt this should be done."

Thus the Big Three machine-tooled the veto formula that was to make possible the creation of the U.N., while making it impossible to put any real restraints on the only countries capable of world war.

With a clumsiness to bring guffaws from a third-rate union negotiator, the usually adroit Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov paraded down his old Dumbarton Oaks request for U.N. membership for all 16

Soviet republics. "[Russia] would be satisfied," said he, "with the admission of three, or at least two." Good-naturedly, the Westerners agreed to help add two Red birds, Byelorussia and the Ukraine, to the nest. On the very evening that the eagles had their frank talk about the small birds, even before the blueprint for the U.N. had been agreed upon, disillusion began to set in.

"Eden, Harriman, Bohlen and I remained to discuss the . . . conversation," recorded Secretary of State Edward Stettinius. "We were in agreement that the trend at the moment seemed to be more toward a three-power alliance than anything else. No progress . . . had yet been made . . . toward building a world organization based on recognition of the sovereign rights of all nations."

The Far East

Churchill did not take part in Yalta's Far Eastern discussions. His memoirs for late 1944 show his curt dismissal of the importance of China. "This American obsession," he wrote. "That China is one of the world's four great powers is an absolute farce." At Yalta Churchill was content to let Roosevelt and Stalin play out the farce by themselves.

The Background. Their private conferences at Yalta had a background that revealed Roosevelt's willingness to expand the Russian position in the Far East, where the defeat of Japan and the civil war in China were to create a power vacuum.

¶ As early as October 1943, during a visit

to Moscow, Secretary Hull reported Stalin's promise, without being asked and without attaching strings, that Russia would fight Japan after finishing up in Europe.

¶ At Teheran, five weeks later, Stalin repeated the pledge. He also let it be known that he would like a warm-water port in the Far East. Churchill remarked that Russia already had Vladivostok. Stalin replied it wasn't always ice-free. Roosevelt suggested the Russians might have access to Dairen, in Manchuria.

¶ All through 1944 the U.S., through diplomatic channels in Moscow, sought to translate Stalin's pledge to fight Japan into a military plan. The Russians stalled. It now seems clear that Stalin passed down a *nyet* until he had made sure of his territorial ambitions in the Far East. These were finally laid out in full detail and traced on a map by Stalin in a conversation with Ambassador Harriman on Dec. 14, 1944. Items on the Kremlin's demand list: "return" to Russia of Japan's Kurils and southern Sakhalin; leases on Manchuria's Port Arthur and Dairen, plus operating rights on the Manchurian railways; China's surrender of its claims to Sovietized Outer Mongolia.

¶ U.S. State Department experts looked askance on some of Stalin's claims. They recommended that 1) southern Sakhalin and the northern Kurils should not be annexed by Russia, but should be assigned as trusteeships; and 2) the southern Kurils should be kept for Japan.

¶ At Malta, four days before Yalta, Brit-

That was Yalta. More of it lay in the quips, anecdotes, frank confidences and muttered asides with which the Yalta-men laid onto the table their thoughts.

¶ "The President," said the transcript of a private Stalin-Roosevelt conversation, "said he would now tell the marshal something indiscreet, since he would not say it in front of Prime Minister Churchill—namely, that the British for two years have had the idea of artificially building up France into a strong power . . . He said the British were a peculiar people and wished to have their cake and eat it, too."

¶ Prophetically, it turned out, Churchill remarked at a dinner that he was the only leader present who could be turned out of office by his people at any time. "Marshall Stalin ironically remarked that the Prime Minister seemed to fear . . . elections, to which the Prime Minister replied that he not only did not fear them, but he was proud of the right of the British people to change their government any time they saw fit."

But Stalin himself did not think Churchill had much to worry about. "Marshall Stalin remarked that he did not believe the Labor Party would ever be successful in forming a government in England."

Stalin, said Churchill, had a much easier political task, since he had only one party to deal with.

Yes, replied Stalin, experience has shown that one party is of great convenience to a leader of a state.

¶ As the conference was about to break up, Roosevelt was impatient to leave. "I have three Kings waiting for me in the Near East," he explained.

¶ Stalin remarked that "the Jewish problem was a very difficult one, that the Russians had tried to establish a national home for the Jews in Birobidzhan, but they had only stayed there two or three years and then scattered to the cities."

¶ I am a Zionist, said Roosevelt to Stalin. Are you?

Yes, said Stalin, but I recognize the difficulty.

¶ At their first Yalta tête-à-tête, Roosevelt and Stalin recalled Stalin's toast at Teheran a year before to the idea of executing 50,000 German army officers as reprisal.

"The President said he had been very much struck by the extent of German destruction in the Crimea, and therefore he was more bloodthirsty in regard to the Germans than he had been a year

ago. And he hoped that Marshal Stalin would again propose a toast to the execution of 50,000 officers of the German army."

¶ Everyone was more bloodthirsty, said Stalin. "He said the Germans were savages, and seemed to hate with a sadistic hatred the creative work of human beings. The President agreed . . ."

¶ Indo-China, Stalin told Roosevelt at a private meeting, was a very important area. To the Russian dictator, who stood no higher than 5 ft. 4 in., the President said that "the Indo-Chinese were people of small stature, like the Javanese and Burmese, and were not warlike."

¶ Churchill exploded when the Big Three began to take up the U.S. idea of postwar trusteeships. "He did not agree with one word of the trusteeship report . . . Under no circumstances would he ever consent to 40 or 50 nations thrusting interfering fingers into the life's existence of the British Empire." Later Churchill said that the principles which had been incorporated in the Atlantic Charter were already in force throughout the British Empire. "I sent a copy of this interpretation to Wendell Willkie," he added.

The President: "Was that what killed him? (Laughter.)"

ish Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden told Stettinius that the U.S. need not grant such concessions to Russia. "In his view," report the State Department's minutes of the Malta Conference, "if the Russians decided to enter the war against Japan, they would take the decision because they considered it in their interests that the Japanese war should not be successfully finished by the U.S. and Great Britain alone. There was therefore no need for us to offer a high price for their participation."

Foreground. Whether or not this clear-eyed British counsel reached his ears or understanding, Roosevelt ignored it. Bohlen's minutes show the President ready to give Stalin just what he wanted.

Exchanges from the Yalta record:

Stalin vaguely agrees he will order his military planners to sit down with their U.S. counterparts to work out a common war against Japan. But he is eager to get to the "political conditions."

Roosevelt quickly replies there is "no difficulty whatsoever" over the Kurils and southern Sakhalin. As to Dairen, it ought to be a free port.

Stalin remarks the Russians won't be "difficult." He has no objections to an "internationalized port." But what about the Manchurian railways?

Roosevelt has two plans ready: the railways might be leased by the Russians, or jointly operated by Russia and China.

Stalin says slyly that without such concessions "it would be difficult . . . to explain to the Soviet people why Russia was entering the war against Japan . . . a country with which they had no great trouble."

Roosevelt several times explains that he has not consulted Chiang Kai-shek.

Stalin says that "it would be well to leave here with these conditions set forth in writing, agreed to by the three powers."

Roosevelt unhesitatingly thinks "this could be done."

Thus Stalin had his prize in hand. Two days later Molotov handed to Harriman a draft of Stalin's political conditions. With Roosevelt's approval Harriman suggested some changes. Most important: Port Arthur should be internationalized, Stalin came personally to Harriman, and what followed is reported by Harriman:

"[Stalin] said that he was entirely willing to have Dairen a free port under international control, but that Port Arthur was different. It was to be a Russian naval base, and therefore Russia required a lease. I suggested to Marshal Stalin that he take the opportunity to discuss this matter at once with the President, which he thereupon did. The President agreed to Marshal Stalin's revised proposal . . ."

"The President asked . . . whether Stalin wished the President to take [these matters] up with the Generalissimo [Chiang Kai-shek]."

"Marshal Stalin replied that as he was an interested party he would prefer to have the President do it . . ."

Not once do the records show Roosevelt arguing on behalf of China's independence, or making the point of China's need for Manchuria's industrial production. There was no hint of the long

THE NOTE-TAKERS

THE Yalta documents released by the State Department run some 500,000 words and take about nine hours to read. The minutes of the political meetings at Yalta come from three major sources:

1) Charles E. Bohlen, assistant to the Secretary of State (now Ambassador to the U.S.S.R.), acted both as interpreter for President Roosevelt and as narrator of the Big Three meetings. His smooth narrative is regarded by the State Department as "the nearest approach to an official American record of the Yalta Conference." 2) H. Freeman Matthews, director of the State Department's Office of European Affairs (now Ambassador to The Netherlands), put much conference dialogue in direct quotations. 3) Alger Hiss, who went to Yalta as U.S. adviser on United Nations matters, took sketchy, sometimes inaccurate longhand notes and never transcribed them. They throw no light whatever on the accusations of Communism made against Hiss—and little on the conference.

Not included in the compilation are the personal notes of Presidential Adviser James Byrnes, Secretary of State Stettinius and Ambassador Harriman. Some of Harriman's official reports are, however, in the Yalta record and are notable for their clarity and forethought.

American recognition of China's independence as the key to stability in Asia. Stalin, in the imperialist tradition of the czars, remembered Port Arthur; Roosevelt forgot John Hay and the Open Door.

The U.S. copy of the agreement was kept in a secret White House file by Admiral Leahy. The President said not a word about it, even to his special adviser, Jimmy Byrnes, who denied six months after he became Secretary of State that such a paper existed.

Sequel. The President did not live to see Chiang Kai-shek's concurrence. But it was given, angrily yet inevitably. The Sino-Soviet treaties with all of Stalin's demands in Manchuria and Outer Mongolia were signed Aug. 14, 1945—the day Japan surrendered. In return for Chiang's concurrence, Stalin recognized China's sovereignty over Manchuria, promised Chiang military and economic aid.

Instead, over the next four years, Stalin blocked Nationalist China's return to Manchuria; Stalin armed and otherwise abetted the Chinese Communists as they built up a decisive army in Manchuria; Stalin looted Manchuria of \$2 billion worth of Japanese industrial equipment on which Chiang had counted for China's economic uplift. Then, in late 1949, two days after Mao Tse-tung proclaimed the Chinese Communist state, Stalin withdrew formal recognition from Chiang and gave it to his longtime Chinese protégé.

Germany

Short of conquering all of Germany for themselves (which they knew they would not do), the Russians most wanted a power vacuum where Germany used to be. Stalin did not, in so many words, press this desire at Yalta. He did not have to.

Even in the gloomy days of 1941, Anthony Eden had described the Germany required for orderly Europe. Said Eden: "It is not part of our purpose to cause Germany to collapse economically. I say that not out of any love for Germany, but because a starving and bankrupt Germany in the midst of Europe would poison all of us who are her neighbors. That is not sentiment. It is common sense." But at Yalta, Eden admitted that "there had yet been no [British] Cabinet discussions" on plans for postwar Germany.

The U.S. State Department advanced a plan consistent with Eden's policy. Against the State Department view stood Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau and his right-hand man, Harry Dexter White, later to be revealed as an accomplice of a Communist spy ring. They wanted Germany to be economically gutted and turned into a country "primarily agricultural and pastoral." Harassed between Morgenthau and Secretary Hull, Roosevelt ended up with a plague-on-all-plans attitude.

At Yalta, in the absence of any concrete U.S. or British proposals, Stalin was able to concentrate the German discussion on Russia's reparations demands (\$10 billion in German industrial plants, rolling stock, etc.). Churchill protested: "We must consider the phantom of a starving Germany, and who is going to pay for that . . . ? If you wish a horse to pull a wagon you will at least have to give it fodder." Retorted Stalin: "Care should be taken to see that the horse does not turn around and kick you." Note the Yalta minutes: "[Stalin] obviously felt suspicious of the British opposing Russian reparations as part of a program to build up a strong Germany."

The final Yalta protocol referred the reparations problem to a three-power commission—with the Russian demands to be used as an initial basis for discussion. Through the whole critical postwar decade Germany remained a power vacuum.

Poland

The question of Poland came closer than any other to uncovering what the Yalta conferees, each for his own reason, did not want to face: the gulf that separated Communist Russia from the democracies. Serious consideration of postwar Germany could be postponed. The Far East could be settled by thrusting concessions upon Stalin. The deeply symbolic differences in the U.N. Charter could be bridged by words never destined to bear the stress of reality. But Poland was immediate and concrete, already the subject of angry public debate. How the fate of Poland was settled at Yalta is a

story that contains, in a small-scale model, all the elements of the larger story of how the West lost the peace.

The Background. A fiercely independent people without natural east or west frontiers, the Poles had been four times partitioned among their stronger neighbors. Their anti-Russian feeling had been fanned anew by the fourth partition, the German-Russian Pact of 1939, which started the war. In addition, as Roman Catholics, the Poles were strongly opposed to Communism.

Britain had entered the war in defense of a free Poland. The U.S. and Britain in the Atlantic Charter had again emphasized, as a principle of world order, the right of self-determination for such distinct but relatively weak peoples as the Poles. When Stalin's returning armies drove the Germans out of Eastern Poland, he set up at Lublin a "provincial government" of Poland in rivalry to the Polish government, which had fled to London after the Hitler-Stalin invasions. The London Polish government was not a creature of Britain; it derived from the Poland created after World War I by Patriots Paderewski and Pilsudski. The Lublin government, though made up of Poles, was a creature of the Communist Party, the Russian secret police and the Red army.

The Issues. Out of this background issued two questions for Yalta: 1) the Polish boundaries, and 2) the even more important question of whether Poland would have its own government or be ruled by Russian stooges.

The boundary question arose from Stalin's insistence on annexing part of Eastern Poland. Before Yalta, it was understood that the Poles would be compensated by giving them German territory in the West. U.S. policy, as defined by the State Department in preparation for Yalta, was to hold down the size of Stalin's grab, thus minimizing the cruel displacement of population on both of Poland's borders.

On the political question, the U.S. wanted an independent Poland, friendly to Russia and open to diplomatic and commercial intercourse with the West. In practice, this meant a provisional government formed around the London government and including leaders from among the anti-Nazi Polish patriots. Such a government would preside over free Polish elections in which the Poles would pick their own postwar leaders.

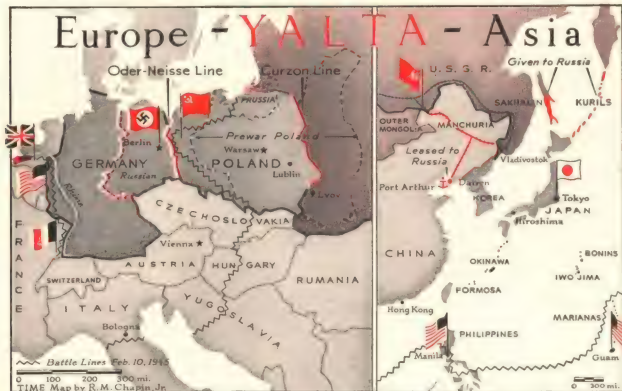
As the Yalta Conference opened, it was obvious that the Red army would take the rest of Poland, and within a matter of weeks, Stalin did not need a Yalta agreement to give him the real estate; his motive at Yalta was political, not geographic. Nobody knew better than the Russians that the Poles would not make docile slaves. With Germany and France out of the future great-power picture (as Roosevelt and Stalin agreed), Britain and the U.S. were the only ones to which Polish patriots could look for help. Stalin needed to destroy this hope—to show the Poles that the Western powers would in practice throw the principles of the Atlantic Charter overboard. The first step

must be to get the U.S. and Britain to abandon the London Polish government.

Favors & Flattery. Right at the start of the polemical sham battle over Poland Roosevelt exposed the poverty of the Anglo-American effort. There were two related avenues for a strong U.S. approach: the high principles of self-determination for even the smallest state, and the heavy pressure of such practical measures as Russia's stake in the future of West Germany. Instead, Roosevelt and (sometimes) Churchill couched their main plea to Stalin in terms of petty politicians asking favors. At that level Stalin inevitably bested them.

"There are six or seven million Poles in the U.S.," began Roosevelt. "... It would make it easier for me at home if the Soviet government would give something to Poland." Stalin could not have cared less how Roosevelt's popularity rating fared in Buffalo's Sixth Ward. To such arguments the Soviet dictator had a bland counter: "What will the Russians say?" Without the Polish territory he coveted, said Stalin, "I cannot return to Moscow."

Roosevelt and Churchill stooped to wheedling flattery. Be magnanimous, they said. At least, said Roosevelt, give Poland the oil province of L'vov (it lay east of the Curzon line, which the Allies of World War I had proposed as the fairest ethnic frontier between Poland and Russia). Churchill lifted the appeal to an oratorical height: "This is what is dear to the hearts of the nation of Britain... that Poland should be free and sovereign



... mistress in her own house and in her own soul . . . [Our] interest is only one of honor."

Stalin cut them down. "Throughout history," he said, "Poland has always been a corridor for attack on Russia . . . It is not only a question of honor but of life and death for the Soviet State . . ." And it was not a question of magnanimity alone. The Curzon line, he explained pedantically (for he had learned his homework much better than the other two of the Big Three), had been "invented not by Russians but by foreigners . . . by Curzon, Clemenceau and the Americans in 1918-1919." How could he be "less Russian than Curzon and Clemenceau?"

Lublin Doesn't Answer. In a written message, apparently ghosted by Harry Hopkins, Roosevelt proposed that two Lublin Poles and two others from within Poland (but non-Communist) be summoned to Yalta. Maybe they could work out a new provisional government agreeable to all. Added Roosevelt: if the four Poles succeeded, he was "sure" the U.S. and Britain would "disassociate themselves" from the London Poles.

Scenting capitulation by the Anglo-Americans, Stalin moved in quickly. He was trying, he said, all possible ways to locate the top Lublin Poles by phone. So far, they had not been found. "I am afraid we have not sufficient time." He could not go ahead with Roosevelt's proposal until he consulted them. After all, as he observed before, "I am called dictator and not a democrat, but I have enough democratic feeling to refuse to create a Polish government without the Poles being consulted."

While they were waiting for the phone calls to come through, Stalin added, there was a counter-proposal. Molotov would read it.

The counter-proposal became, with some minor changes, the substance of the Yalta agreement on Poland. It ignored Roosevelt's four Poles project. It drew Stalin's frontiers for Poland, including on the west a deep wedge of Germany to the Oder-Neisse line. It held fast to the Lublin Poles as the base for a provisional government. It pledged the Big Three to recognize this government before elections for a permanent government.

The next day Roosevelt accepted. Stalin seemed unwilling to believe it. He asked: "Does this mean that you would withdraw recognition from the London [Poles]?" Said Roosevelt: "Yes."

Even Caesar's Wife. Churchill still had misgivings. There were seeds of future trouble in turning so much of Germany over to Poland—"I do not wish to stuff the Polish goose until it dies of German indigestion." The Prime Minister visualized a mass deportation of Germans. Was this not inhuman? "I . . . feel conscious of the large school of thought in England which is shocked at the idea of transferring millions of people." He added: "Personally, I am not shocked."

At that level, Stalin was Churchill's master. Said the Russian: "There will be

no more Germans there, for when our troops come in the Germans run away, and no Germans are left."

How free and unfettered would the future Polish elections be? The principle involved in this was the political key to the future of Eastern Europe. But it was not argued on principle or bargained from strength. Roosevelt thought of the 6,000,000 American-Polish voters. "The matter is not only one of principle," he said, "but of practical politics . . . I want this election . . . to be . . . like Caesar's wife. I did not know her, but they said she was pure."

Stalin cracked back as heavily: "They said that about her, but in fact she had her sins."

Churchill worried: "In Parliament I must be able to say that the elections will be held in a fair way." Perhaps it was his frustration that led him then to an incredibly inept remark: "I do not care much about Poles, myself."

Stalin quickly countered: "There are some very good people among the Poles. They are good fighters." He tossed in a consolation bone: to show how fair the Polish elections would be, he would see to it that Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, sturdy Polish Peasant Party leader and chief hope

for a free Poland, would be allowed to return to Poland and electioneer.

The Sequel. Not until two years later (January 1947) did the provisional Polish government recognized by the Big Three hold its elections. They were rigged to insure Communist control. Washington and London denounced them and U.S. Ambassador Arthur Bliss Lane resigned in protest over them. Mikolajczyk, who was allowed no effective voice in the provisional government or in the elections, was forced to flee abroad for safety.

The Yalta agreement gave Stalin no territory his armies did not take. But it gave him what he wanted. So shocked were the Poles at the action of the Western powers that the Communists were able to fasten their grip on Poland without meeting dangerous resistance. By now, most of the original Russian stooges have been liquidated, and Poland (pop. 26,200,000) is run by Marshal Rokossovsky of the Red army.

The Polish lesson was not lost on the Hungarians, Slovaks, Bulgarians, Rumanians and Czechs. If the Poles, Eastern Europe's stoutest fighters for freedom, could not count on the West, what hope for the others? Inexorably, the Communist grip upon all of them tightened.

"WE MUST BE TOUGHER"

A glimpse of the might-have-been at Yalta was given by a letter to General George Marshall from Major General John R. Deane, head of the U.S. military mission to Moscow from 1943 to 1945. A month before the Yalta Conference, Secretary of War Henry Stimson forwarded the Deane letter to President Roosevelt. If, as Stimson probably hoped, Deane's conclusions had guided U.S. representatives at Yalta, the conference results might have been far different.

Excerpts from Deane's letter:

"Everyone will agree on the importance of collaboration with Russia—now and in the future. It won't be worth a hoot, however, unless it is based on mutual respect and made to work both ways. I have sat at innumerable Russian banquets and become gradually nauseated by Russian food, vodka and protestations of friendship. Each person high in public life proposes a toast a little sweeter than the preceding one on Soviet-British-American friendship. It is amazing how those toasts go down past the tongues in the cheeks. After the banquets we send the Soviets another thousand airplanes, and they approve a visa that has been hanging fire for months. We then scratch our heads to see what other gifts we can send, and they scratch theirs to see what else they can ask for . . .

"They simply cannot understand giving without taking, and as a result

even our giving is viewed with suspicion. Gratitude cannot be banked in the Soviet Union. Each transaction is complete in itself without regard to past favors. The party of the second part is either a shrewd trader to be admired or a sucker to be despised . . .

"In closing, I believe we should revise our present attitude along the following lines:

"(1) Continue to assist the Soviet Union, provided that they request such assistance and we are satisfied that it contributes to winning the war.

"(2) Insist that they justify their needs for assistance in all cases where the need is not apparent to us. If they fail to do so, we should in such cases refuse assistance.

"(3) In all cases where our assistance does not contribute to the winning of the war, we should insist on a *quid pro quo*.

"(4) We should present proposals . . . that would be mutually beneficial, and then leave the next move to them.

"(5) When our proposals for collaboration are unanswered after a reasonable time, we should act as we think best and inform them of our action.

"(6) We should stop pushing ourselves on them and make the Soviet authorities come to us. We should be friendly and cooperative when they do so.

" . . . We must be tougher if we are to gain their respect and be able to work with them in the future."

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Farewell to Winston?

Three times last week the British Cabinet met in secret session. The agenda was not the H-bomb and the state of the world, but the most tantalizing question in British politics: When will Churchill retire? With Sir Winston in the chair, a tentative decision was reached: he is to resign in the first week of April, and the Queen will ask Sir Anthony Eden to take over as Prime Minister.

The ceremonial of Churchill's retirement has been laid down in advance. On April 7, he and Lady Churchill are due to arrive in Sicily to start a vacation of sunshine and painting. Three days earlier, Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will dine at 10 Downing Street—a most unusual occurrence. The royal banquet may therefore become the Prime Minister's farewell party.

Favorable Timing. The remaining question is whether the indomitable Churchill will go through with it. He has changed his mind before, and he is capable of changing it again; but the pressure on him is growing because the Tories plan to hold a general election this year—and they want Eden to lead them. With the Laborites bitterly divided over Rebel Aneurin Bevan (*see below*), the chances of a Tory victory appear greater than they have been in years. The most recent Gallup poll in the London *News Chronicle* gives Labor 44½% of the vote (a decline of almost 3% since last November), compared with 46½% for the government. This is enough, say the party managers, to increase the Tory majority in Commons from 19 to possibly 50.

The Tory rank and file, scenting Labor blood, are convinced that they can sweep the country. "Let's have a go at them," said one organizer last week. "What are we waiting for?" But the signal must come from Churchill, and last week the old man was giving a performance that suggested that he could go on forever. He tangled with Russian Foreign Minister Molotov,* scolded the U.S. for releasing the Yalta documents, then, in a workmanlike speech that glowed with grandeur and precision, slapped down a Labor attempt to censure his government. He allowed himself a gentle gibe at Laborite Clem Attlee and his followers: "I hope sincerely that the word 'followers' is the right word."

* Moscow last week made public a wire that Churchill sent to Molotov last July 4: "I have not had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Malenkov, as far as I can remember from the war years, any of your political colleagues . . . Would it appeal to you . . . if we met in a friendly fashion, without agendas, for the sole purpose of trying to find a sensible way of living side by side? I beg to be informed about what you and your friends think about it." Molotov replied: "We think such a friendly contact could help." But first Geneva, then the Paris accords, intervened. The proposal petered out.



PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL
A most tantalizing question.

Pretexts to Stay. Talking to friends, Churchill has explained that he has stayed on largely in hopes of a cosmic conference, which would enable him to climax his career as a peacemaker. But Eisenhower's disinterest, and Malenkov's fall, have made such a parley increasingly unlikely. The Yalta documents are not calculated to increase U.S. desire for more of such personal diplomacy.

Even if Sir Winston should resign as scheduled, he has no intention of leaving the House of Commons. At 80, he has plans to travel to Russia as a "private person," just as his father did; to visit Germany and receive the Charlemagne Prize (for services to European unity) from the city of Aachen. He would continue to live at Chartwell, his lovely home in Kent, going to the House of Commons on special occasions to deliver speeches to which all the world would still listen.

Trial of Aneurin Bevan

Britain's parliamentary Labor Party expelled its leading troublemaker last week and came close to splintering itself in the process. The troublemaker was Aneurin Bevan, 57, the mischievous Welsh spell-binder and best orator under 80 in British politics. At a party "trial" in the New Palace of Westminster, Bevan was charged with flouting party discipline and insulting his leader, 72-year-old Clement Attlee, during a debate in the House of Commons (Time, March 14).

Like Old Bailey judges, Attlee and 13 members of Labor's shadow cabinet* took

* Meaning men who would be Cabinet ministers if their party returned to power. When one of them speaks from the Front Bench on his chosen field (health, defense, etc.), he is presumed to speak for the party.

their places on the platform in Committee Room 14, overlooking the Thames. All but a handful of Labor's 294 M.P.s squeezed into the stifling room, and Nye Bevan, dressed in black, took a chair in the corner to the right of the platform. The questions before the court were purely disciplinary: Had Bevan flouted the party, and if so, how should he be punished? Wispy little Clement Attlee assumed the prosecutor's role.

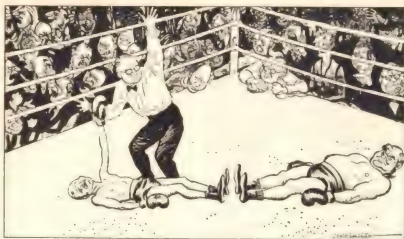
The Prosecution. Attlee plainly disliked it, but in his thin, waspish voice, he built up a case against the burly Welshman that could not be controverted. Bevan, said his leader, had publicly derided his party's support for the SEATO pact, West German rearmament, and disputed Attlee's endorsement of NATO's nuclear strategy.

Once, Attlee complained, Bevan "sprang to the dispatch box and gave me a public affront." Bevan had also publicly chided his party leaders for being absent from the House of Commons during one of his speeches. "That," said Attlee, "was unpardonable." Attlee's windup revealed his own misgivings over his handling of the Bevan revolt. "I have tried and failed to get unity . . . I have been abused for not taking action, for weakness and dithering." Now he was taking action. He demanded the highest penalty: "Withdrawal of the whip," i.e., releasing Nye from party discipline.

No cheering sounded, either for Attlee as he sat down or for Bevan as he rose to reply. There were few men in the room who did not remember 1931, when the Labor Party under Ramsay MacDonald splintered hopelessly and left Labor in the wilderness for a decade. With Celtic scorn, Nye Bevan sought to show that other Socialists than he had insulted Clement Attlee. Manny Shinwell, for instance, said Bevan, and Dick Stokes, the burly M.P. from Ipswich; only last year he had sneered at Attlee's leadership by quoting what he said was a Chinese proverb: "A fish starts rotting at its head." Bevan accused the trade union bosses, who contribute most to Labor's treasury, of ordering his expulsion. Pudgy finger pointing at member after member, he ranged along the row of the shadow cabinet: "There are the conspirators . . . Those who hold the moneybags demand my expulsion. They have given the orders. They await the decision."

The Debate. While the Welshman's stream of words eddied around him, Clem Attlee chewed his pipe, taking it out of his mouth only to mutter: "Most embarrassing, most embarrassing." Attlee left it to his right-wing followers to tear Bevan down, and they did, though messily. "Why did you once take me for a walk down the corridor and say we must get rid of Mr. Attlee?" one woman M.P. demanded of Nye Bevan. "That's a wicked lie," Bevan shot back.

For two hours the Socialists wrangled.



"THE WINNAR"

and the trial got out of hand. A right-winger suggested that Nye Bevan was a Communist dupe. Bouncing Bessie Bradock tried to create a diversion but subsided ponderously, when a Bevanite shouted: her "four years with the Communist Party hardly entitle her to a certificate of political virginity." Eventually, three main groups emerged from the hubbub: the right-wingers who were determined to expel Bevan; the left-wingers who wanted to save him; and the majority in the middle, who wished they could avoid a choice. Reluctantly, Attlee agreed that the vote should be an expression of confidence in his leadership.

Verdict: Expulsion. The first vote was for an amendment proposing to censure Bevan but not to expel him. Despite Attlee's opposition to it, the amendment was rejected by the hairbreadth margin of 14 votes. Then came the vote on expulsion: 141 to 112. Nye Bevan was kicked out of the parliamentary Labor Party by the vote of less than half of the 294 Labor M.P.s.

For Bevan, it was a severe blow: should Labor's National Executive Committee endorse the decision of the parliamentary group when it meets this week, he will no longer be eligible to stand as a Labor candidate on the Labor ticket. Bevan himself was bitter. He complained that, in effect, Attlee had stolen his policy and organized his exile in one coordinated maneuver. But though Bevan's extremist followers were urging him to form a new leftist party, Nye told the assembled Socialists: "I am now 57 years of age. I have given 45 years of my life to this party. My fundamental loyalties are still with it. I am not going out to form a new party."

The Other Loser. All over Wales there were "indignation meetings" and votes of support for "Nurrin." "The whole constituency is still behind Bevan," said the Trade Council chairman in Ebbw Vale. Nye's South Wales home town. "If Attlee himself stands from here, he won't have a chance."

Attlee, indeed, seemed likely to be the main loser in the entire affair. His failure

to swing a decisive majority of the party against Bevan led the Laborite *Daily Herald* to call him: "The man whose days are numbered."

Never a tower of strength as a leader, Attlee has been challenged of late not only by the Bevanites, but by Labor's right-wingers, many of whom take a dim view of his tendency to outmaneuver his opponents by adopting their policies. At 72, he shows little of the political dexterity and penetrating common sense that were his outstanding characteristics as Prime Minister: on an issue so vital to Britain as West German rearmament, for example, he ordered his party to vote neither yes nor no, but to abstain.

Out of office, Attlee has failed to provide the new ideas and momentum that his party so badly needed after exhausting its program in office. One result is that the divided Labor Party is drifting, policyless, into the continental Socialist habit of opposition for its own sake. Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition is currently failing in its constitutional duty to provide Britain with an effective alternative to the government in power.

COLD WAR

Reaction to Yalta

The Yalta documents struck Western Europe with the force of painful memories freshly stirred. It was not so much the news—anyone who followed events closely knew much of it—but what one newsman called "the dirty little footnotes" that leaped from headline to mind, and from tongue to tongue.

In Germany it was the jolly talk of a Big Three toast to the execution of 50,000 German officers that caught most eyes. But most Germans needed no further evidence of the wartime hatred of themselves among the Allies, and some even conceded, as did Bonn's *General-Anzeiger*, that "those who are outraged at the attitude of Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt should not overlook the fact that Germany was partly to blame for the unhappy development." Among responsible West Germans, the most widespread reaction

was the realization that all of the Allies were responsible for 1) the partition of Germany, and 2) the opening of Europe to Communist invasion. Said the *Rhein-Zeitung* of Koblenz: "Yalta was Stalin's great victory over the freedom of the world. The West itself held his stirrups."

The Little Biscuit. In France, the Yalta phrase that most chagrined a proud and sensitive nation was Winston Churchill's offer to throw France "a little biscuit" of an occupier's rights in Germany. The neutralist *Le Monde* seized on the phrase: "The truth is that in a world where only material power counts, our pretensions at playing the fourth big power were judged ridiculous by the three others because they really were." *Le Monde* saw it as a parallel to Sir Winston's recent letter to Pierre Mendès-France, warning that if Paris rejected German rearmament, the Allies would once again have to proceed with an "empty chair."

In Britain, the Foreign Office had argued strongly against publication of the Yalta papers. "It is undesirable," said the Foreign Office, to publish so detailed a record "so short a time after . . . and particularly during the lifetime of many of the participants . . . Some of the *ex tempore* observations when taken out of context might well lead to misunderstanding." The Foreign Office was speaking for itself, it insisted, and not Churchill. The only living member of the Big Three seemed fairly unperturbed when he rose in the House of Commons to discuss the affair. But, said he, we do "not accept responsibility for the accuracy of the American version. The extracts . . . disclose some serious mistakes."

Sir Winston singled out the remark attributed to him about Poland ("I do not care much about the Poles myself"), "I do not at all accept it," he said. "My record throughout the war . . . will show with what deep sympathy I viewed the fate of the people of Poland." Churchill himself, as eminent historian, had rushed into print as fast as anyone with newly declassified material. Besides, so far as Yalta was concerned, he and Anthony Eden could take some comfort in the record; whatever his own verbal indiscretion, the fact was that only the British delegation had fought with skill for the rights of France and Poland.

Less reserved than Churchill at the publication of the Yalta documents were Britain's newspapers. "A diplomatic blunder of the first magnitude," cried the *Daily Mail*. "Mr. Dulles," wrote the influential *Daily Telegraph*, "has no doubt said things privately to foreign statesmen at which he would wince if he saw them in print in 1965." But the main British grievance stemmed from the revelation that Franklin Roosevelt, whom Britons admired extravagantly, had gone behind Churchill's back to suggest giving Hong Kong to Chiang Kai-shek. "The record of such dark and devious doings is the shattering of an idol," wrote the *Daily Express*, "the idol of a great-hearted friend whose statue stands in Grosvenor



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Square."⁹ It added, as if remembering: "In spite of everything, Roosevelt is still the friend who extended lease-lend to Britain in a dark hour."

Such was the reaction to "the dirty little footnotes." As for the document itself, the first question asked by diplomats everywhere was why—why should it be published at this time? Some who so vehemently questioned the timing were men who would find any time inappropriate. Others echoed the comment of a member of Konrad Adenauer's coalition: "It is increasingly clear that if you tie your foreign policy to that of the Americans, you are, in effect, putting yourself at the mercy of Democrats and Republicans fighting among themselves."

ITALY

Reprieve

Just before leaving for a good-will visit to the U.S., Italy's careful little Premier, Mario Scelba, faced trouble inside his precarious four-party coalition government. Two small groups in the coalition were quarrelling, and the Christian Democrats' own ambitious and powerful secretary-general, Amintore Fanfani, was demanding an immediate showdown (TIME, March 21).

Mario Scelba is slow to anger and never reaches heights of flaming oratory. He is the kind of man who writes out all his political pronouncements, follows his script closely and cannot be heckled into indiscretions. Last week, aware of his troubles, modest Mario Scelba, in a speech to 71 delegates of the Demo-Christian National Council, came as close as he ever does to boasting: "We have solved the Trieste problem and approved the Paris accords. We have laid the foundation for closer collaboration with Yugoslavia and have ended the sad chapter of struggle with Great Britain. With the U.S. we have established relations inspired by greater confidence and promising more intimate collaborations. The positive results justify our determination to strengthen a coalition which at present is irreplaceable." Quietly he added: "It must be realized that the present political situation does not offer any alternative."

Secretary-General Fanfani could see that these words carried weight with the Demo-Christian elders, and that in a showdown Fanfani, and not Scelba, would be beaten. So Fanfani executed a hasty but fairly graceful retreat. When the delegates drafted and passed a warm resolution praising Scelba and his coalition, Fanfani chimed in with a show of enthusiasm.

It was a clear setback for Fanfani, and a reprieve for Mario Scelba. But there still remained the controversial farm-policy bill, which had sparked the original trouble among the junior coalition partners. In view of his forthcoming trip to Washington, Scelba asked the Chamber

of Deputies to postpone a vote on it. His request required a majority of those present, or 275 votes. He won with but one vote to spare (the vote was 276 to 272). Remarkably Scelba quietly: "Even a majority of one is sufficient for the next 20 days." His trip to the U.S. was safe.

GERMANY

Ten Years Later

West Germany gasped painfully last week as the Yalta documents arrived in time for the last stages of the debate on the Paris accords in the Bundesrat (upper house). Said Hesse's Socialist Minister President Georg August Zinn, attempting to make Socialist capital out of the chilling dialogue on German dismemberment: "The Yalta documents . . . show that it was not the will of one, but of all the



Associated Press

CHANCELLOR ADENAUER
At last, a triumphant glass.

Allied powers, not only to split Germany, but at the same time to merge the split parts into greater military and economic systems. I have a dark feeling that the issues discussed at Yalta are being materialized by merging West Germany into the military system of the West. The merger of Middle Germany* into an Eastern system of alliances will [make] the reunification of Germany impossible."

But even that new fuel failed to set off a fire. Chancellor Konrad Adenauer had the votes. He also had an impressive argument: under the Paris treaties, a mere ten years after Yalta, Germany will receive national sovereignty, the right to create a 500,000-man army, to join NATO and a seven-nation Western European Union. After a short debate, the Bun-

* Patriotic German jargon for the Soviet zone, meaning that there is a third part of Germany further east still to be recovered: the 44,731 square miles given to Poland and Russia after World War II.

desrat completed (29 to 9) ratification of the Paris treaties. Now the only possible roadblock to German rearmament is the French Senate, which is scheduled to vote this week.

Tired, 79-year-old Konrad Adenauer, only 24 hours out of the sickbed in which he had lain for ten days, smiled broadly over a triumphant glass of champagne. Said he: "This does away with Yalta."

THE HIGH SEAS

Sail On

Millimeter by millimeter, like a small bug on a windowpane, the Finnish tanker *Aruba* crawled along the charted sea lanes. The world paid little attention as she made her way down from the Rumanian port of Constanta to the Mediterranean and eastward toward Port Said. Then, three weeks ago, like hundreds of other vessels that pass through the Suez Canal, the 10,000-ton *Aruba* was forced to declare her cargo and destination. It proved to be 13,000 tons of high-grade kerosene consigned to Red China, enough jet plane fuel to carry Communist airmen on an estimated 5,000 jet missions. The world became suddenly interested in the buglike progress of the *Aruba*.

A U.S. State Department spokesman warned Finland that the *Aruba's* mission "could not fail to evoke the disapproval of the free world." The Finnish government insisted that the *Aruba* was a privately owned ship under charter to a firm in Hong Kong—the principal Hong Kong company used by the Chinese Reds. Chiang Kai-shek vowed to seize the ship as soon as she came within range of his guns or planes. A detachment of five U.S. warships, including the aircraft carrier *Kearsarge*, steamed into the Singapore roadstead on what was in fact a routine visit: whereupon the Red Chinese radio began to crackle with warnings against any attempted "American piracy." Meanwhile, on steamed the *Aruba*, southward through the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden, eastward across the Indian Ocean.

Early last week, as the *Aruba* passed under the tip of India, the Finnish crew grumbled a strike threat if the ship continued to sail on into "dangerous waters." They demanded that she put in at Ceylon. Gunnar Damstrom, manager of the Re-Be Shipping Co., which owns the vessel, replied with a Columbus-like "Sail on!" At least, he instructed the *Aruba's* captain by radio to keep the ship on the open ocean and out of harm's way as long as the crew would permit. Leaving Ceylon behind without putting in to port, the *Aruba* sailed on.

At week's end, the *Aruba's* 42-man crew issued a new deadline: they would not man the ship beyond the Nicobar Islands at the entrance to the Malacca Strait. Sadly, the Re-Be Co. sent a message to Peking through its Hong Kong agents, The Far East Enterprises Co. (HK.) Ltd. Its gist: the *Aruba* could go no farther; if the Reds want their jet fuel, they will have to come and get it.

* Built at a cost of \$200,000 by the voluntary subscriptions of 200,000 Britons.

FRANCE

Dodging the Tax Dodgers

Into Premier Edgar Faure's office last week went a messenger with a personal letter. "Your colleagues and friends," it warned, "may have told you how prepared I was to bring you the weight of the enormous force that is on the march . . . [but] you have definitely chosen a path that will lead you nowhere. You are taking the responsibility for the rupture. You will suffer the consequences." The



SHOPKEEPER POUJADE
He recalled Mussolini.

P. Leli

letter was from a crackpot—but a crackpot with a following.

Pierre Poujade, 34, a small-town bookseller, leads an organization called the Union for the Defense of Shopkeepers and Artisans, whose 800,000 members (half of them dues-paying) are mostly shopkeepers and small businessmen. His fast-growing outfit, reflecting some of his own Fascist past and some up-to-date assistance from the Communists, has paralyzed the confused and complex tax situation into the hottest political issue in France (TIME, Feb. 7).

Opposed in principle to paying any taxes, Poujade & Co. demand: 1) abolition of the *Polyvalents*, the Finance Ministry's 376-man squad of special investigators, who have the power to descend on any enterprise and check its books; 2) repeal of penalties for tax evasion. Egged on by Poujade, tens of thousands of taxpayers, mostly in southern France, where his strength is greatest, have refused to make their first installment in payment of taxes on last year's income. About half the members of the National Assembly are flirting nervously with provincial Poujadist organizations.

The Pressure Group. Last week Poujade took his fight to the National Assembly, told Assemblymen that the "hour

had come for action," demanded that they pass a motion of no-confidence in the government of Premier Edgar Faure. Sitting in the visitors' gallery like a king, dispatching aides to and fro to collar Deputies, Poujade treated the Assembly to a Mussolini-like series of frowns and grins as he followed the debate. Rarely has the French Assembly seen so blatant a display from a pressure group. The Assembly, acutely sensitive to the opinion of France's shopkeepers, found it hard to refuse Poujade. Only the Catholic M.R.P., the Radical Socialists and some Independents put up stiff resistance. Faure himself compromised, agreed to call the *Polyvalents* off businesses grossing less than 60 million francs, if the Assembly would postpone the debate on repeal of the tax evasion penalties. "Otherwise," he said, "you can find yourselves another government." Poujade-backing Assemblymen Max Brusset and Edouard Frédéric-Dupont agreed to withdraw their motions.

The atmosphere was so tense by 3:20 a.m. that when Poujade, up in the visitors' gallery, rose and took off his coat, Speaker Pierre Schneider read the gesture as a riot signal and touched off the emergency sirens throughout the Palais Bourbon. As the Republican guards started to evacuate the chamber, Poujade explained that he had merely taken off his coat to put on a sweater before leaving.

The Disorderly Field. Hours later, Poujade called together a hundred of his chief lieutenants, told them: "This time it's finished. There's nothing to be got from these phonies. I'm asking you to boycott the Max Brussets, the Frédéric-Duponts, and all those who didn't keep their word after groveling in front of me . . . They have to be cleaned out . . . They're guilty of high treason. Boycott them in their provinces and don't waste words telling them what you think of them."

Cocky Pierre Poujade called for a general shop closing on March 28, the day Faure's fiscal reforms are to be discussed in Parliament. Sighed Premier Faure: "France has become a vast field of disorderly demands."

Reform or Perish

On the subject of the disintegration of government, there is probably no better-informed man alive than Paul Reynaud, Premier of France in the last three months of the Third Republic. Reynaud saw (in the words of General de Gaulle) "the regime collapsing around him, the people fleeing, allies retreating, the most illustrious commanders defecting . . . The very exercise of power was no more than a sort of agony, strung out along roads, in the dislocation of services, discipline and conscience." Last week 76-year-old Paul Reynaud was in the van of a movement to stop threatening disintegration in France's Fourth Republic.

In 1940, with the Nazi legions rolling into a divided, defeatist country, Reynaud cried: "If a miracle is needed to save France, I believe in miracles because I

believe in France." He called for "clouds of airplanes from across the Atlantic," but because he was driven back to Bordeaux, boxed in by collaborationist politicians and forced to yield the government to Marshal Pétain, his overly optimistic rallying cries in 1940 are cynically remembered today.

For his efforts to save his country, he was tried by the Vichy government, handed over to the Germans and spent four rigorous years in French and German prisons. His wartime imprisonment and



CHAIRMAN REYNAUD
He believes in miracles.

AGIF—Black Star

his excellent record as a member of the French Assembly since 1946 have brought about a reappraisal of his fatal premiership. Says De Gaulle in his recent memoirs: "In such conditions, the intelligence of Paul Reynaud, his courage, the authority of his office, were deployed, so to speak, in a vacuum."

Twenty Crises. Last week Reynaud's intelligence and courage and authority were in action at the office he occupies as chairman of the powerful Assembly Finance Committee. Sitting stiffly upright at his desk, with scarcely a crease in his double-breasted waistcoat, he wrote out in longhand a set of proposals for reforming the French constitution to enable ministers to stay in office long enough to conduct responsible government. Although he himself had voted against the Mendès-France government, and thus helped bring on its collapse, he told a press conference that this 20th ministerial crisis in ten years was a blow to France's vital interests.

Said he: "The figure that France cuts in the world, because of ministerial instability, wounds and irritates Frenchmen. The Assembly can overthrow as many governments as it pleases without any other motive than the opportunity of its members to satisfy ambitions overstimu-

lated by the very frequency of the crises." Added Reynaud with a bitter irony: "It's becoming a disgrace not to have been a minister just like everyone else."

Reynaud's plan for reducing the recurrent crises: 1) make the constitution easier to amend, 2) they pass an amendment which makes dissolution of Parliament and new elections automatic when a government is defeated on a censure motion, or a vote of confidence, within two years after taking office.

Surprising Support. By quick telephone calls and discreet meetings, Reynaud won surprising support for his plan. Even many Socialists and members of the Catholic M.R.P., both doctrinally opposed to strong Premiers, rallied to his idea. Only the Communists were unanimously opposed. At week's end he had signed up eight parliamentary groups for a total of 328 votes in the Assembly. As soon as the current budget debate is ended, he will ask for "urgent discussion" of his proposals, hopes to effect the procedural change by July, and to have the constitutional amendment enacted before the 1956 general elections.

Newspapers which had never had a good word to say about the men of the Third Republic last week were praising Reynaud for his well-timed effort to prevent government from reaching the ultimate mockery of "deploying its authority in a vacuum." Boomed conservative *Le Figaro*: "Reform or Perish is not a slogan, it is a fact."

KENYA

Man of Character

A burly, boyish-faced farmer from the upcountry hills of Kenya stood before an audience of diehard settler folk in the Rift Valley town of Nakuru (pop. 22,481). He was Michael Blundell, 48, Minister without Portfolio in the Kenya government, come home to ask his constituents for a vote of confidence. Blundell has decided that the 24-year-old Mau Mau war can no longer be won by bullets. One of Kenya's wealthiest farmers, Yorkshire-born Blundell was seeking support for his policy of giving the colony's 6,000,000 Africans and 100,000 Indians a share in Kenya's government.

Alternative: War. To many of Kenya's 40,000 white settlers such a policy amounts to appeasement of "coolies" (Indians) and "monkeys" (Africans). They blame their trouble on the faraway British Colonial Office, which they regard as a "nigger-loving" annex of the London School of Economics. Some of Minister Blundell's neighbors openly call him a traitor, because he lent his considerable prestige to a series of reforms that admitted one African and two Indians to the governor's cabinet. But when the question was put to the white settlers at Nakuru last week, Blundell got his vote: 204 to 90.

Those who voted for him did so out of personal respect and because they understood in private what many would not publicly admit: that the only alternative

to Blundell's policy is perpetual race war. For, small as it is, Blundell's growing movement for multiracial government is the only truly hopeful sign on the East African political horizon. Blundell himself is its most effective salesman, for he is no misty-eyed liberal but a man of force and character, whose feet are firmly planted in the rich Kenya earth.

2,000 Years in 50. Blundell arrived in Kenya 10 years ago as a farm apprentice. He carved out a farm from the virgin bush, and now owns 1,200 acres of asparagus, pyrethrum (a plant from which insecticides are made) and dairy-cattle country in the lush Subukia valley. In World War II, he molded a pioneer battalion of brawny East African tribesmen into a crack combat unit, led them through the Ethiopian campaign. Blundell's business connections (breweries, newspapers, canneries) and his bluff man-to-man likableness soon won him the job of leader of the white settlers in the Kenya legislature.

When the Mau Mau rebellion started, Blundell was made a member of the Kenya war cabinet. His view of Mau Mau: "We've forced the Kikuyu tribe to try to assimilate 2,000 years of civilization in 50. The result has been mental bewilderment, spiritual frustration. Mau Mau is a deliberate going back to primitive ways." Relatively speaking, Blundell is a progressive, which means, in Kenya, that he expects the white minority to go on running the government, but with a concern for and an assist from the Africans and Indians. "How can a small white oligarchy sit on top of a black Gulliver?" he asks. "If he breathes, we topple off."



Alfred Eisenstaedt—LIFE
BLUNDELL & KIKUYU GIRL
The black Gulliver is breathing.

Blundell has started the United Country Party, the first significant step toward organized political thought in colonial Kenya. Opposing him is an extremist group called the Federal Independence Party. So far, most white Kenyans refuse to join either party, preferring to keep their political opinions to themselves. Blundell counts on events to swing his way before Kenya's first two-party elections in 1956. "We have our hotbeds," he says, "But the solid mass of people must have learned some lesson from the Mau Mau. They will be with us, when the time comes."

NEPAL

The Young King

"I shall probably never return," said Nepal's ailing, 48-year-old King Tribhubana when he left his 8,500,000 Nepalese subjects last October to seek medical treatment in Europe. Last week, when Tribhubana died of a coronary occlusion in Zurich, the gloomy prophecy was fulfilled. Accompanied by his youngest son and the two Queens he had married when he was only 13, the King's body was brought home to Katmandu, the capital high in the Himalayas where he was crowned at the age of five.

Despite his long reign, Nepal's late King had actually ruled over his country for only a few years. For most of his reign he was virtually a prisoner of the powerful Rana nobles, who had despotic power over Nepal as its hereditary Prime Ministers. While the King stayed at home in his palace reading Shelley, the Ranas ran his country with an iron hand, indulging their taste for bizarre ornamentation by filling their 30-odd marble palaces with fancy clocks and comical distorting mirrors imported from Coney Island. In 1950, fired by neighboring India, a revolution at last unseated the despotic Ranas, and Tribhubana was set up as a true king, but the "democratic rule" he promptly proclaimed turned out to be only that of a pack of corrupt politicians. Last month, lying ill in Nice, he formally turned the whole job over to his eldest son, Prince Mahendra, 34.

Mahendra put aside his plaid sport jacket and made a pre-dawn pilgrimage to the golden-roofed temple of the Lord Pashupatinath to pray to Shiva for guidance while a river of milk flowed over his feet. In the midst of the prayer, a great clap of thunder shattered the silence of Katmandu, Mahendra took it as an omen and promptly fired Nepal's Prime Minister. A democratically-minded young man, Mahendra was outraged by Nepalese politics. "Some people excuse themselves by saying Nepalese democracy is still only in its infancy, but this seems a strange excuse to me," said the young King. "Infants do not indulge in bribery and corruption."

Last week, as his father's body was brought to the burning ghāt near the same temple, the new King's subjects were ordered to go and pay homage. Men shaved their heads and donned mourning clothes of unbleached cotton. For 13 days

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NEW FAMILY PLAN

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no Nepalese would take salt, eat more than one meal a day, or sleep on anything but straw. As the flames licked at the royal cadaver, thousands of Nepalese set up a mournful wail. But King Mahendra was not present; Nepalese custom demanded that he alone of all his late father's subjects must show no grief.

INDIA

Dim Beacon

Greeted at New Delhi's airport by kneeling Buddhist monks in yellow robes, Cambodia's ex-King Norodom Sihanouk arrived in India for a week's sightseeing and political parleying. Said the royal visitor to India's newsmen: "Your great republic is for Asia a beacon that can light our way to liberty . . . My abdication [TIME, March 14] will allow me to interpret and serve more faithfully the desires of my people . . . We would like to follow the neutrality policy of India and Burma, but lack of financial resources has compelled us to seek American economic and military aid."

These were large words for an ex-king; most Indians assumed that vigorous young (32) Norodom had not really abdicated, or at least that he would be back on the throne before long. Between a polo game and a dinner, Norodom got down to brass tacks with Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, who did most of the talking. Nehru urged his guest not to upset the Geneva agreement, and not to be drawn into the military orbit of the U.S. or the U.S.S.R. Norodom listened attentively. But when Nehru talked down grossly material concerns such as military aid, Norodom asked a pointed question: "Suppose the Communists attacked Cambodia—would India come to Cambodia's aid?"

The substance of Nehru's answer to this crucial question was no. After that, Norodom's attention visibly wandered. A member of his entourage said later: "It's what Americans call the \$64 question. Perhaps India's interest in Cambodia is only cultural after all. Anyway, the beacon did not light the way."

HONG KONG

Something Snapped

When China was battling Japanese and Communists in the brave years before she fell into Communist slavery, General Wei Li-huang was one of the Nationalists' most glittering military figures. Born in Anhwei 50 years ago, stocky, pipe-smoking Wei Li-huang rose from the ranks to hold such resounding titles as commander in chief of the First War Zone, commander in chief of the Chinese Expedition to Burma, and finally commander in chief of the Chinese Army. He became a full general, and a member of the Kuomintang's powerful Central Executive Committee. Chiang Kai-shek was so delighted with him that he renamed a town in Wei's honor—an honor that no other living Chinese has received.

During the civil war against the Reds, Wei was made chief of the anti-Communist campaign in nine Manchurian provinces. At this point something snapped in General Wei's mind. Of his own accord, he abandoned his garrison in hard-pressed Mukden and fled to Canton, under an assumed name, with his second wife. The furious and disillusioned Gimo had him arrested and sent to Nanking to face charges. For a while, Wei dropped out of sight, but after the fall of Nanking in the last days of Chiang's mainland rule, Wei turned up in Hong Kong, abundantly supplied with money and costly gewgaws. With his wife, and children by his first marriage, he lived quietly in a two-story house, with a garden of pines and papayas. He played mah-jongg with other ex-officers, read newspapers of all political hues, and dabbled in the amorphous politics of the "third force."



JOSE BIRN—LIFE

DEFECTOR WEI

Mr. Tao came to call.

Some months ago a mysterious visitor from the Red mainland, known only as Mr. Tao, began visiting Wei Li-huang in the stucco house. Whatever Mr. Tao said must have been extremely persuasive. Recently the servants overheard a fierce argument between Wei and his anti-Communist son and daughter. Shortly after, Wei and his wife left by automobile, preceded by a dozen pieces of luggage. They changed to a Canton-bound train, and vanished behind the Bamboo Curtain. Last week the Chinese Communists exulted: Defector Wei was in their hands and talking their language. Peking Radio broadcast a letter from Wei to his "colleagues and friends" on Formosa, praising Peking's glorious achievements and denouncing Chiang Kai-shek. Wrote Wei: "You have all seen that during the Korean war the powerful military might of our motherland forced the U.S. to a cease-fire. Taiwan [Formosa] will eventually be liberated." At last Communist report, Wei and his wife, seeing the sights of Canton, were "very lighthearted and thrilled."

RUSSIA

The Commercial Travelers

British businessmen returning from the Soviet Union during the past two years with their pockets bulging with trade orders have given glowing reports of the friendly attitude of Soviet business bigwigs, particularly Trade Minister Anastas Mikoyan. Last week a Soviet trade delegation arrived in Britain wearing the new, or post-Malenkov, hard-hat look. They wanted to cancel or modify earlier orders for consumer capital goods. Estimated value of cancellations (mostly for textile and shoemaking machinery) to date: \$12,600,000.

JAPAN

Qualified Triumph

Blinking in the glare of TV lights and mopping his face with a large handkerchief, Ichiro Hatoyama sat confidently in the Diet last week, waiting to be elected Japan's new Premier and watching the members drop their votes in a black-lacquered box. All the conservative parties had agreed to support Hatoyama, and his only opponent was Mosaburo Suzuki, onetime ricksha boy who has become leader of the Diet's left-wing Socialists. The vote for Ichiro Hatoyama: 254-160. Climbing into his wheelchair, Hatoyama rolled around the chamber on a triumphal tour, brandishing a glass of beer (strictly a photographer's prop, since Hatoyama, on doctor's orders, takes nothing alcoholic).

The triumph, like the glass of beer, was not all it appeared to be. Shigeru Yoshida's Liberals, who have not forgiven Hatoyama's Democrats for the ousting of Yoshida after seven years as Premier, voted for Hatoyama as they had promised. But in the balloting for Speaker and Vice Speaker of the Diet's lower house, the conservative Liberals joined with the Socialists to defeat Hatoyama's two Democratic candidates. A Liberal was voted in as Speaker, a Socialist as Vice Speaker. This successful Liberal-Socialist maneuver showed that the new Premier might be at the mercy of similar anti-Hatoyama combines on graver issues at any time in the future.

Hatoyama's first choice as Defense Minister was Kichisaburo Nomura, the one-eyed ex-navy officer who was feigning negotiations in Washington as Japanese bombs fell on Pearl Harbor. Protests came thick and fast: since Japan's constitution requires civilians in Cabinet posts, ex-admirals do not qualify. In the U.S. view, Nomura would have been a better choice than the man who actually got the Defense Ministry post; Arata Sugihara, a bureaucrat-turned-politician who has egged on Hatoyama to more and more flirtation with the Communist powers. Washington was pleased, however, with the retention as Foreign Minister of one-legged Mamoru Shigemitsu, who signed Japan's surrender on the *Missouri* in 1945. Shigemitsu is a sober, careful man who can be counted on to restrain, as much as he can, Japan's overtures to Russia and Red China.



Trapped!

We might have lost everything
... even our lives

(Based on Company File #H-54-11449)

As I slid out of bed for my usual midnight raid on the refrigerator, I smelled something burning.

I woke Alice and rushed into the hall. Smoke and flames were everywhere!

Cut off from the stairs, we climbed out onto the porch roof. Our shouts roused a neighbor.

Although the firemen put out the blaze, not a room escaped damage. And we had just repainted from top to bottom!

I called my Hartford Fire Insurance Company Agent before he'd had his breakfast. He came right over.

I'll always remember him walking into the mess of our living room. Going to work for us. It sure was a relief to Alice and me!

"One thing you don't have to worry about is your insurance," he said.

"You've got the right kind of protection," he told us, "and you're insured in a good company. You'll come out all right."

And come out all right we did. Hartford Fire paid us promptly for the damage to our house. And for the furniture, clothing and other belongings we'd lost.

"Coming out all right" isn't a matter of luck.

You have to have the proper kind of insurance. And enough of it!

It's risky to guess. And unnecessary as well. Your Hartford Fire Insurance Company Agent or your insurance broker is always ready to help you work out an insurance program that fits your needs. Call him—while there is still time.

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THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

The Easiest Trip

John Foster Dulles, who has traveled some 200,000 miles since becoming U.S. Secretary of State, had never made the easiest possible diplomatic trip: the hop across the border for an official visit to Canada. Last week, while the controversy over the Yalta papers boiled up at home (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), Dulles acted on a long-standing invitation and flew to Ottawa for a two-day stay as the guest of Governor-General Vincent Massey.

Bursts of Applause. Few of Ottawa's many recent diplomatic visitors excited so much advance interest. Ever since he joined the Eisenhower Cabinet, Dulles and his policies have been the object of constant—and often critical—discussion among Canadian leaders. A full turnout of Ottawa officials met him at Uplands Airport. That afternoon a special meeting of the House and Senate Committees on External Affairs was called and Dulles, the first non-Canadian diplomat ever invited since the House committee was formed ten years ago, was asked to speak.

Dulles seemed to sense that he was facing an unconvinced audience, and he rose to the occasion with a superb performance. For half an hour, in his most scholarly manner, he addressed the M.P.s and Senators, then answered questions for another 20 minutes. He gave the politicians no startling new facts, but he spelled out the current U.S. policy—of taking a firm stand against Communism in the Far East—with such force and clarity that committee members interrupted him time after time with bursts of applause.

Good Impression. In private talks with the Cabinet, Dulles was even more forceful. He directly attacked the proposal often made by Canadian and British leaders that the islands of Quemoy and Matsu off China should be meekly surrendered to the Reds, with no truce concession in return, in order to have, as they put it, "a hundred miles of clear water between you and the Communists." If that is the thing to do, Dulles asked, why not withdraw all the way to the U.S. mainland, behind 6,000 miles of water? The proposal might seem sensible to someone who looked only at a map, but it took no account of the all-important morale of the non-Communist millions in the Far East. His recent trip to Asia, Dulles told the Canadians, had convinced him that the only way to stop further aggression, and strengthen the will of Asians to resist Communism, is the positive U.S. policy to draw a line and warn the Reds that any advance in force beyond it could mean all-out war.

Whether he won them over to his viewpoint is a question that will be answered only in future Canadian foreign-policy decisions and debates. But there was no doubt that John Foster Dulles personally had made a good impression on Canadian



Marge Shackleton—Capital Press Service
MASSEY & DULLES

Morale is not on any map.

leaders. The reaction of Toronto Conservative M.P. Margaret Aitken was typical: "I don't necessarily agree with his point of view, but it was immensely reassuring to know that the U.S. has men of that intellectual caliber at the top."

Marathon Mania

The old rocking chair, long a symbol of comfort and repose in every habitant farmhouse, was transformed into a device of frenzy and fatigue in Quebec last week. A wave of rocking-chair contests called *berceuthons* (from the French *bercer*—to rock) swept the province. Quebec was suffering a virulent recurrence of the marathon mania of the '30s, with rockerthons, pianothons, poolthons and countless other forms of zany endurance tests under way in almost every village and town.

The marathons' comeback was apparently touched off a year ago when a Montreal TV station staged a charity telethon. That gave a Montreal pianist, André Mathieu, an idea: he staged a pianthon, played continuously for 21 hours, and was promptly challenged and outdone by another musician, who played six hours longer. A merchant in Shawinigan Falls (pop. 26,903) recalled the rocking-chair marathons of the '30s, and promoted a *bercethon* in his store window.

Although other kinds of marathons were dreamed up, including even a haircutting marathon for barbers, the *bercethon* really caught on. Local dignitaries presided as judges. Business firms sponsored entries. Prizes, raised by contributions from eager

crowds, ranged up to \$7,000 for the contestant who could stay awake, rest only three minutes every three hours, keep one foot on the floor at all times, and outrock his rivals. The current champion is Aimé Lavoie, a 33-year-old Cap St. Ignace deckhand, who rocked for 81 hours, 3 minutes and 52 seconds.

In the '30s, when the mania exhausted his patience, Quebec's Premier Alexandre Taschereau ordered provincial police to raid the halls where marathons were being held. So far there has been no hint of another crackdown. A few Catholic priests have preached about irreligious *berceurs* who stick to their rockers and miss Sunday Mass. But Premier Maurice Duplessis, who was at home last week coddling a cold, was reportedly planning no action. "What could Mr. Duplessis say?" asked Solicitor General Antoine Rivard. "He's rocking himself at the moment."

BRITISH WEST INDIES Over the Hurdle

One evening last week in Port-of-Spain, the political chieftains of the British West Indies and dignified officials from London's Colonial Office, attending a dance recital, leaped gaily up and joined the cast in a calypso "jump-up" while a steel band drummed and clanged. It was a week for exuberance in Trinidad: swiftly, almost offhandedly, the assembled leaders tore down the biggest roadblock in the way of fast-approaching nationhood for the British West Indian colonies.

The hurdle was immigration. Though the logic of their common geography and fate points insistently to a federation government within the Commonwealth along with free movement of populations among the islands, passionate local prejudices have raised formidable barriers. The most striking: Trinidad's exclusion of Barbadians. Trinidad's East Indians, a potent bloc forming one-third of the island's 660,000 people, fear they would lose their political leverage and their oil-company prosperity if the job-hungry Negroes of swarming Barbados (1,300 persons to the square mile) could move in freely. Fears that the immigration problem could not be solved have hung over the federation plan ever since it got started in 1947; London's guess before the Trinidad meeting started was that the talks might take weeks.

But once they had gathered, island leaders tacitly agreed that federation—which amounts to making a British dominion out of Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbados and the Windward and Leeward Islands—would be meaningless if the bars stayed up. The islands' elder statesman, Barbados' Premier Grantley Herbert Adams, set forth the case for free movement. Trinidadian Labor Minister Albert Gomes offered concessions, and Jamaican Chief Minister Norman Washington Manley soon brought them into agreement.

The planned solution: for a few years



KING DARIUS AND THE 64 DRACHMA QUESTION

Perhaps the earliest-known quizmaster was King Darius.

Three of his young bodyguards were asked to name for the king the greatest influence on mankind. The first suggested wine. The second, with an eye to promotion, suggested the king. The winner concluded, "But above all things truth beareth away the victory."

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**HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX**



—probably five—after federation, island legislatures will keep the power to make immigration laws, presumably retaining some barriers. After that the projected federal Parliament will get power to act on immigration, presumably to remove the barriers. Ratification of this compromise by island legislatures is expected in coming weeks. The next step toward federation will be a constitution-writing conference next October.

BRAZIL

Glad Tidings of Oil

Brazil's inflation-harried, dollar-starved government heard good news last week from the jungle interior. Near the spot where the Madeira River flows into the Amazon, oil hunters brought in a high-grade gusher, the first oil ever found in Brazil outside the coastal state of Bahia. The oil spurted 150 feet, and made Brazilians gush just as effusively. Said Rio's *Correio da Manhã*: "Glad tidings! The greatest hope for Brazil's recovery."

The tidings were all the gladder because oil is one of Brazil's sorest problems. The wells in Bahia produce only 1,500,000 barrels a year, less than 3% of Brazil's consumption. Oil imports, which must be paid for in dollars, gobble up much of the dollar exchange Brazil earns from its coffee exports. But instead of welcoming foreign oil capital, Brazil has barred it with nationalistic laws. The government oil monopoly, Petrobrás, can legally hire the services of foreign experts and drilling companies, but it cannot grant concessions or sell shares to foreigners. Because of this self-inflicted shortage of capital and know-how, the Brazilian search for oil has been painfully slow. Last week's strike, made with the help of a Texas drilling firm hired by Petrobrás, eased the pain. By itself the well is only a drop in the barrel of Brazil's oil needs. But it lies in a vast, geologically uniform sedimentary basin, and heralds—or so Brazilians hope—many Amazonian gushers to come.

THE AMERICAS

Challenge & Opportunity

"Business is much more profitable in Latin America than in the United States," a qualified U.S. authority. Joseph Peter Grace Jr., last week told investment bankers from all over the Midwest. Facing 432 of them at a conference in Chicago's Drake Hotel, the president of W. R. Grace & Co. spoke out eloquently on the opportunities for U.S. private capital in the southern lands where his grandfather started the family firm.*

South of the border, Peter Grace ex-



Don Weiner—Blackman Associate.
GRACE'S GRACE

South of the border, old ghosts laid.

plained, lies the world's fastest growing market. "Latin America's population increase of about 2½% a year is greater than that of any other major area," he said, and the region's buying power is zooming. Example: when Sears, Roebuck opened in Mexico City, "some people thought that potential customers would be limited to the upper 5% or 10% of the city's population. Actually, the customers that Sears has developed represent a cross section of at least the upper 50%."

The challenge for U.S. capital (which already adds up to a fat \$6 billion in Latin America) is to build the plants to supply this expanding market. As a hint of the high earnings that are possible, Grace cited the interest on commercial bank loans that businessmen in Latin America are willing and able to pay: Brazil, 9%-12%; Peru, 9%-10%; Mexico 9½% (v. an average 3% in the U.S.). And he neatly disposed of the standard objections to investing in Latin America.

Q Expropriation? "Our firm has been doing business in South America for more than 100 years, and over all that period we have never lost a dollar of our money nor a square foot of our land through expropriations."

Q Revolution? "You know, during most Latin American revolutions, the traffic cop still directs traffic, the postman still delivers mail and life goes on pretty much as usual as far as the foreigner and the foreign investor are concerned."

Q Restrictions on taking out profits? They are transitory, and "in the meantime the accumulated currency earnings can be plowed back into the business."

Said Grace: "More and more Latin Americans want better homes to live in, better clothes to wear, better food to eat, better medicine... I think you investment bankers have a tremendous opportunity to get in on the ground floor of this new area of expansion."

* The \$324-million Grace & Co., the No. 1 trader, banker, shipper, manufacturer and planter of South America's west coast, has itself invested \$130 million in the U.S. petrochemical industry (TIME, Sept. 13, 1952). Grace explains that the company hopes to expand its chemical production into a hemisphere-wide operation. Meanwhile, Grace continues to pour into Latin American projects new investments that are expected to total \$50 million.

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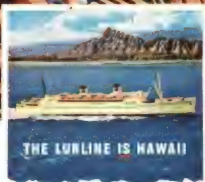
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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Harry Truman, who once threatened to punch Washington *Post* Musicritic Paul Hume in the nose after Hume hinted that Daughter **Margaret's** voice was maybe not operatic, went in for some critic's art himself. Reviewing a record album (*The Confederacy*, Columbia SL-220, \$10) for *The Saturday Review*, Critic Truman found its songs and readings "excellent." After that, Truman happily digressed to one of his favorite pastimes—a folksy War-Between-the-States history lesson, second-generation style. "When I listened to the record I could see [Confederate General James E.] **Jeff Stuart** with his plumed hat and red-lined cape galloping around [Union General George] **McClellan** during the Peninsular Campaign . . . the incomparable **Robert E. Lee** at Fredericksburg . . . Appomattox Court House and Marse Robert's ride to Richmond . . . Then I thought of the terrible Reconstruction and old **Thad Stevens** and **Ben Wade**, who wanted **Andrew Johnson** kicked out so he could be the President."

Famed Viennese Conductor **Erich Kleiber**, 64, again learned that totalitarians always prostitute art to political dogma, again quit his job as director of the (East) Berlin State Opera (he first resigned in 1935, in protest against the Nazis), fled with his California-born wife Ruth to West Germany. Immediate reason for his break with the Reds: the inscription across the façade of the opera building, "King Frederick [in dedication to] Apollo and the Muses," had arbitrarily been ordered removed.

At a ball feting French air cadets in Sweden's university city of Uppsala, **Lieut. General Axel Ljungdahl**, chief of



DEMOCRATS HARRIMAN & STEVENSON
Strategy in private.

the Swedish air force, executed some fancy foot maneuvers with the eldest daughter of **King Gustaf VI Adolf**, glamorous **Princess Margaretha**, 20, one of Scandinavia's most eligible bachelor girls.

As one of Britain's top satirists, **Stephen Potter**, 55, in his puckish tomes on *Lifemanship* and *Gamesmanship*, has extolled the advantages of "one-upmanship" (i.e., the use of the ploy, and the art of getting away with it). As one of Britain's top experts on courtship, Marriage Bureaucrat **Heather Jenner**, 39, in a recent bestseller called *Marriage Is My Business*, claims to have arranged some 5,000 successful matings. As a result of indoctrinating her clients with some mystical principles of reciprocal one-upmanship, only three of those matches, testifies Heather, have ended in divorce. Last week, however, a gentleman farmer from Kent, **Michael Cox**, seemed to have both Spouse Sponsor Jenner (real name: Heather Cox) and Humorist Potter one-down. In a forthright, lifemanship ploy, Farmer Cox sued Heather for divorce on grounds of adultery (uncontested), named Stephen Potter as correspondent.

In a leisurely weekend of social fun and political games at the executive mansion in Albany, New York's Democratic Governor **W. Averell Harriman** and his guest, Chicago Lawyer **Adlai Stevenson**, greeted each other, smilingly discovered their neckties were of the same color and design. Asked whether he thought that **President Eisenhower** would run for reelection in 1956, Stevenson, always cagey about his own political future, replied: "I suspect he will." Later, the two leading contenders for the Democratic presidential nomination next year (although Har-

riman is still on record as favoring Stevenson) put their heads together privately, compared designs on the White House.

From his uproarious retirement in California, aging (76) Author **Upton** (*The Jungle*) **Sinclair**, long one of America's loudest social consciences, took an ad in *New Republic* magazine to thunder a special plea, Sinclair, a lifelong teetotaler, was trying to unearth "a publisher who believes in abstinence." In a "terrible but rigidly truthful" book titled *Enemy in the Mouth*, Abstinence Sinclair had "told the tragic stories of 30 alcoholic writers." Their suicide rate was ten times the U.S. norm, their lives 15 years less than the average span. After mentioning four dead drunks in his own family (including his father), Upton Sinclair sorrowfully listed a surprising roll of fallen slaves "to John Barleycorn."

Wrote he: "For three-quarters of a century it has been my fate to watch . . . a long string of friends . . . traveling to their graves by the alcoholic highway: **Jack London**, **George Sterling**, **Sinclair Lewis**, **Edna Millay**, **Theodore Dreiser**, **W. E. Woodward**, **F. P. Dunne** (Mr. Dooley), **Horace Liveright**, **Eugene Debs**, **Douglas Fairbanks**, **Eugene O'Neill**, **Sherwood Anderson**, **Klaus Mann**." And, lamented Sinclair, the roster of hard drinkers among the illustrious he knew through letters or friends was even longer. Among those departed: "Stephen Crane, **James Whitcomb Riley**, **Heywood Brown**, **Edgar Lee Masters**, **Edwin A. Robinson**, **Isadora Duncan**, **Thomas Wolfe**, **O. Henry**, **Amrose Bierce**, **Scott Fitzgerald**, **Hart Crane**, **John Barrymore**, **Ring Lardner**, **Damon Runyon**, **Dylan Thomas**." Concluded Sinclair: "After wasting a year trying to



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please publishers. I am making this appeal to the conscience of my country. [Who] will make this book available to those who want it?"

After a recent issue of France's long-haired movie magazine, *Cahiers du Cinéma*, came out, crammed from cover to cover with drooling eulogies of Britain's famed Director Alfred (Dial M for Murder, Rear Window) Hitchcock, *Cahiers'* English counterpart, *Sight and Sound*—not loving Hitchcock less, but resenting *Cahiers'* adulation more—blew its top: "Hitchcock is compared with Dostoevsky, Faulkner, Bernanos, Nietzsche, Rousseau, Hardy, Richardson, Poe (a "classical" poet, apparently). Meredith, Homer, Aeschylus, Corneille, Balzac and Shakespeare! More marvelous still, all this is done on the strength of a handful of Hitchcock's American films." With



UNITED PRESS
DIRECTOR HITCHCOCK
Bad for a good press.

smarmy smugness, S. & S. quoted the finale of Hitchcock's tape-recorded interview: "Really," asked the *Cahiers* man, "you don't like your American films?" Smiling and shaking his interviewer's hand, Hitchcock allowed: "Not really." Not loving Hitchcock less, but resenting S. & S.'s mockery more, *Cahiers*, for its current issue, interviewed football-shaped Alfred Hitchcock all over again. Had he really, honestly confessed that his American films were bad? Replied the director: "No, no. That's not true!" His interrogator pounced: "But you did say it! Why?" Weaseled Hitchcock uneasily: "It depends what press it was. In London, for example, certain journalists want me to tell them that everything that comes from America is bad." Then, desperately striving to smooth the ruffled feathers all round, Hitchcock all but wrung the neck of the matter: "What I shall say is that some of my American films are a compromise—on account of the public."

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SPORT

Off-Year Olympics

Long-winded and proud, Indian runners raced through the streets of Mexico City to carry a flaming torch into a vast lava bed that lies on the edge of their capital. As twilight settled over the University of Mexico's vast Olympic Stadium, 21 guns boomed in salute, the last runner lit the "eternal" Olympic fire, and President Adolfo Ruiz Cortines opened the second Pan-American Games.

Even before the flag-raising was finished, a U.S. boxer collapsed—starved for oxygen in the high (7,800 ft.), thin air—and had to be carried off. Next day, when some 2,000 competitors from 22 American republics began the more strenuous exertions of the off-year Olympics, athletes and spectators began to drop in droves.



BROAD-JUMPER RANGE



SPRINTER JONES (RIGHT) BEATING JIM LEA

Associated Press

Some talked to themselves, some ran out of steam and some turned on the heat.

Strangely surprised by the extent of the altitude poisoning, coaches and trainers stood about in helpless confusion while distance runners ran out of gas, staggered into the infield talking to themselves, their eyes rolling above contorted faces. Eventually, a safe supply of oxygen bottles appeared, and U.S. officials began to mutter that next time their team ought to be at the games site early enough to get accustomed to the altitude. (Next time, 1959, the games will probably be in Cleveland. Altitude: 660 ft.)

Despite the atmospheric complications, all the competitors combined managed to hang up some impressive records:

¶ U.S. Army Private Louis Jones ran the race of his life and set a world record (45.4 seconds) for the 400-meter run.

¶ Rosslyn Roy Rance, another G.I., so lackadaisical in practice that he was almost shipped home, soared 26 ft. 4½ in. for a games broad-jump record.

¶ Pittsburgh's Arnie Sowell beat Olympian Mal Whitfield and set a games record for the 800-meter run: 1:49.7.

¶ Argentina's Juan Miranda lived up to his own boasts, outspurred Wes Santee

in the stretch of the 1500-meter run, set a games record: 3:53.2.

¶ Winning 16 out of 22 titles in men's competition, and four of the seven women's gold medals, U.S. teams easily outpointed Argentina's defending champions.

Who Won?

A few sentimental (and thrifty) competitors actually drove their cars to the race. But the quaint tradition that a sports car is a practical vehicle, designed for everyday use, seemed as antiquated as the Stanley Steamer or the solid-rubber tire. Well-heeled pros who turned up for the Florida International Twelve-Hour Grand Prix of Endurance last week brought their cars by rail or trailer, by plane or ship—any way but under their own power. The 5.2-mile course on Se-

American Winner Umberto Maglioli and his blood-red, three-liter Ferrari were on the sidelines with a ruined clutch. Another Ferrari, its gas tank leaking, caught fire. Playboy Porfirio Rubirosa slipped off the track in his two-liter Ferrari, clipped a spectator's car, and promptly substituted caution for professional skill. On the way to the pits for repairs, he was rammed from behind and knocked out of the race.

In the pits a well-drilled squad of mechanics worked steadily to keep Millionaire Sportsman Briggs Cunningham's front-running D-Jaguar ahead of the field. Scores of clockers spelled each other in the lavish Cunningham trailer as they tried to keep track of the competition, to warn Drivers Mike Hawthorne and Phil Walters when the pack was closing in.

No Brakes. Dark fell, and the race roared on. With two hours to go, over-anxious pitmen poured too much oil into

bring's abandoned airfield was enough to tear the guts out of the finest engine. Mechanics needed every available minute to get an entry in shape. Minutes lost in the pits might well decide the winner.


No Cure. Ripping down the brief straightaways at full throttle, shifting down and braking for the turns, shifting up to speed again, spinning and sliding through S-curve and hairpin, drivers lost no time making work for their mechs. And even the best of them ran into the kind of trouble no grease monkey can cure. Sweeping into a wide, unbanked turn, Texan Bob Said squinted over the hood of his three-liter Ferrari and saw danger. In the middle of the track, a tiny Renault had cartwheeled onto its back. Said drifted wide to miss it. Suddenly, he was bearing down on a stretcher where Renault Driver Jean Rédelé, badly shaken, was waiting to be carried off. Said drifted wider and a parked Cadillac ambulance loomed in front of him. He swung his wheels hard over, skidded out of control and smashed into the ambulance. Unhurt, Said walked away. His Ferrari was finished.

Before five hours had passed, Pan-

the Jag. Its plugs fouled, it fumed and sputtered while Phil Hill's white Ferrari nibbled at the lead. Carefully coached by Oldtimer René Dreyfus (TIME, March 14), the Arnolt-Bristol team nursed their little (1,971 cc.) roadsters along, willing to settle for high honors in their own class. Manhattan Clothes Designer John Weitz, one of the few who had driven his car all the way from New York to Sebring, was pushing the Bristols hard with his chunky, 1,991-cc. Morgan. But by now, everyone was flirting with disaster.

Brake linings were worn thin, and the warm night was filled with the splot of backfires as drivers decelerated far back from the turns. Hay bales rimming the turns were flicked from position by fast-moving fenders. In the gloom drivers could scarcely distinguish the dun-colored shapes that marked the changing boundaries of the course. Strategy turned to guesswork as timers lost count, gave drivers conflicting reports on their standing.

Exactly at 10 p.m., officials touched off the fireworks, and dropped the checkered flag that marked the end of the grand. In the confusion just about all the judges



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Photos above show relative difference in light output of regular slimline, left, and New High Output Rapid Start lamp, right.

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LIGHTS ALMOST INSTANTLY—General Electric announces the most important advance in fluorescent lighting in 10 years: the new High Output Rapid Start fluorescent lamp. The 96-inch High Output lamp gives 36% more light than the most powerful G-E fluorescent lamp previously available.

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were sure of was that the race was over. They were also reasonably certain of the winners in each class:

¶ Class "B": Ray Crawford, who spent twelve hours without relief at the wheel of his big (5,196 cc.) Lincoln-Kurtis.

¶ Class "C": Cunningham's D-Jaguar.

¶ Class "D": Phil Hill, on a three-liter Ferrari.

¶ Class "E": René Dreyfus' Arnolt-Bristols, in an astonishing record, finished first, second and fourth. Another Arnolt-Bristol finished fifth.

¶ Class "F": a Cunningham-owned Osca.

¶ Class "G": Paul O'Shea, on a sleek, slope-nosed Porsche.

¶ Class "H": a tiny French (748 cc.) Renault.

Top honor for finishing the most laps of any car in the race was claimed for both the D-Jaguar and the Class "D" Ferrari. Each had clocked 183 laps at an average of nearly 80 m.p.h. The big question was: Which went the distance in the shortest time? This week in Manhattan, far from the unnerving roar of the race, A.A.A. officials will puzzle over their score sheets and try to decide.

Vive le Rocket!

Canadians have learned to be fond of the imported games of football and baseball, but their first love is their own game: ice hockey. Much of that love is lavished on one star: French Canadian Maurice ("the Rocket") Richard, the best professional player on skates—and the man with the hottest temper.

Just about the only record that has eluded the Rocket in his 13-year career with Les Canadiens is the single-season point-scoring championship (which includes points for both goals and assists). This season, with only three games left, that final honor seemed to be his. Then last week, in a game against the Boston Bruins, Rocket Richard exploded into one of the most splendid flare-ups of his career. Clipped in the head by Boston Forward Hal Laycoe's high-swinging stick, the Rocket hardly bothered to brush the blood out of his eyes before he flattened Laycoe. He also managed to give Linesman Cliff Thompson a poke in the eye.

Put out of the game, the Rocket went to a Montreal hospital to be patched up. Then he appeared at National Hockey League headquarters to explain his conduct to President Clarence Campbell. This time, Campbell decided, a fine was not punishment enough for the man who holds the record for fines paid in the N.H.L. He suspended the Rocket for the rest of the season, forbade him to play in the Stanley Cup Games as well.

A Matter of Honor. To the Rocket's fans, the sentence was intolerable. The kindest words they had for Campbell were profane assurances that he did not have long to live. The league president got so many threats that it became a matter of honor for him to appear in the Montreal Forum next evening when the Rocketless Canadiens took on the Detroit Red Wings.

All afternoon, tension built up in the city (pop. 1,046,000). Gangs of young

hoodlums bought standing-room tickets and packed the Forum galleries. As the disorganized Canadiens began to boot away the game, the mob's mood blackened. Campbell's cocky arrival, just before the first period ended (with Les Canadiens behind, 2-0), touched off a barrage of peanuts, rotten fruit, galoshes and programs. One spectator pushed past Campbell's police guard and walloped him twice across the face.

A Mob of Hoodlums. Riot was just a breath away when someone touched off a tear-gas bomb. Blinded, and choking on the thick smoke, spectators groped their way out of the Forum. Outside, the mob grew. Some 8,000 strong, it flowed down St. Catherine Street, blocked traffic and cheered when a truckload of kids shouted "*Vive le Rocket!*" Soon the hoodlums took over. Rocks arched through the yellow haze of street lights and store win-



LES CANADIENS' RICHARD
With love and tear gas.

dows shattered. Jewelry shops were looted. Streetcars took a pasting. It was 2:30 a.m. before the Montreal cops had the city back under control.

Then, people who took the trouble to ask discovered that Campbell had awarded the game to the Red Wings, and Les Canadiens had been knocked out of the league lead. As for Rocket Richard, he had watched the game and the start of the riot from a box seat. Next day he appeared on radio and TV, to make an appeal for calm in both French and English. He would take his punishment, the Rocket said, and he would be back next year.

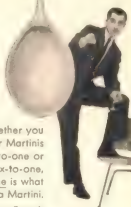
Scoreboard

¶ In Kansas City, the University of San Francisco Dons (TIME, Feb. 14) whipped LaSalle's defending champions, won the N.C.A.A. basketball championship, 77-63.

¶ In Manhattan, Duquesne breezed to the N.I.T. title by trouncing the University of Dayton, 70-53.



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Backstage at the Met

Most Americans, forever fascinated by the backstage know-how of the movies, TV, the theater or the circus, know little about how an opera is staged. It is actually an extraordinary exercise in skill, timing and logistics, far more involved than play production. Many opera plots include supernatural happenings and require complicated equipment; what is more, everything from magic fireworks to the basso's whiskers must move according to the music. Technically, one of the most

four floors of dressing rooms, getting into costumes, making up, vocalizing.

12:30. Carpenters and stagehands check in. Others have already hung all the drops (painted linen) in proper order, ready to be lifted or lowered. The newcomers go to work on the first-scene set, Faust's study.

12:45. Executive Production Manager David Pardoll adjusts a carnation in his lapel, leaves his tiny first-floor office and goes to his regular post in the wings.

12:50. The setting for Faust's gloomy study is in place. Books are piled on the

lap. Backstage voices are hushed. In the darkness behind the study, the set for Scene 2 is all ready to be pulled into place: three sideshow stalls, a circular handstand, the entrance to the Bacchus Inn. The chorus files in and Chorus Master Walter Taussig mounts a step ladder that is steadied by a stagehand. When he reaches eye level with a small hole in the canvas sidewall of Faust's study—through which he will be able to watch the conductor—Taussig opens his score, focuses a battery light on it and waits.

12:58.30. Pardoll sends Conductor Kurt Adler into the pit.

12:59. Pardoll signals for the house lights to be turned down. A stagehand grips the rope triggering the hydraulic mechanism that controls the curtain. Other stagehands are standing immobile in the wings. It is very quiet and cool. The opera is poised for flight.

1:00. Pardoll says: "Ready, everyone." The stooped maestro in the wings slides back a small panel and looks out at Conductor Adler. Adler starts the prelude. Four minutes later the maestro murmurs, "Ready!", then gestures abruptly. The stagehand bends his back to the curtain rope, and the heavy, golden brocade parts, rises majestically.

1:05. Faust sings of his despair. When he sees the coming of daylight, he closes the shutters. The pale sunbeams (supplied by a spot high up on Suhren's fly gallery) disappear. He threatens to kill himself, but—as Chorus Master Taussig on his stepladder gives the beat—women's voices offstage urge Faust to live.

1:08. In the basement, directly below Faust's vocal soul-struggles, Mephistopheles (Basso Nicola Moscona) paces nervously, dressed in evening clothes, red-lined Inverness cape, with top hat and cane. Three grips stand ready at the trapdoor platform. Another maestro, with a score on his lap, sits near by. Mephistopheles clears his throat, begins la-la-la softly. The maestro, straining to hear the orchestra, says, "Ready!" and Mephisto steps onto the platform.

1:13. Faust sings, "A moi, Satan, d moi!" and throws his book into the fireplace. An electrician switches on a fan, which sends flame-colored paper streamers upward into sight of the audience. The basement maestro makes an abrupt pronouncement: "Up with him!" The stagehands lift the platform and Mephisto into the air. The audience first sees him sitting on the arm of the chair that screens the trapdoor, nonchalantly swinging his foot and cane. Meanwhile, behind the rear study wall, Marguerite (Soprano Nadine Conner) is climbing a narrow set of stairs to a platform, aided by a stagehand.

1:19. Mephisto flourishes his cane. Behind the scenery, backstage spots begin to glow, lighting Singer Conner; as a result, Faust and the audience see the vision of Marguerite through a scrimmed hole in the middle of Faust's bookcase. Faust, enraptured, signs away his soul to the Devil, drinks the potion to restore his youth. While Mephisto struts about flashing his cape to distract the audience,



MEPHISTOPHELES* (ON PLATFORM) & HELPERS IN "FAUST"
Up in a burst of flame.

demanding operas is Gounod's *Faust*, which opened the Metropolitan Opera in 1883. Last week *Faust* had its 317th Met performance, a matinee.

The Met is an old and barely adequate house. What it lacks in convenience it must make up with backstage savvy, proudly displayed by a crew of 152 electricians, carpenters ("grips"), prop men, et al. Best place from which to watch them at work is 44 feet above the stage, in the gloom of a narrow fly gallery. There, about lunchtime, Electrician Charlie Suhren started setting the lights for the first scene. As soon as his job was done, Charlie retired to a remote eyrie high in the cathedral vault of the stage, where he played solitaire until it was time to reset the lights for the next scene.

12 Noon. Almost all the cast and chorus are in the house, scattered through

desk and a large armchair has been carefully placed so that it screens an open trapdoor from the view of the audience.

12:52. A short, stooped man carrying a vocal score sits down quietly beside Pardoll. His name is Antonio Dell'Orefice, and he is one of the Met's seven "maestros"—unobtrusive musicians of clerklike appearance whose job it is to follow the score and cue curtains, entrances, exits.

12:55. Master Mechanic Louis Edson looks over the stage set and okays it. General Manager Rudolf Bing marches purposefully across the stage but speaks to no one, Faust (Tenor Thomas Hayward) steps out of the elevator from his third-floor dressing room, looking uncomfortable in his heavy overcoat and old-man's false forehead and wig. Chief Electrician Rudolph Kutner checks with his assistant, stationed at a control panel in the hooded apron box next to the prompter's box.

12:59. Faust checks his props, takes his seat by the fireplace, opens a book on his


* Basso Norman Scott, who this season alternates with Moscona and three others in the part.

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what the new tax law does for retirement income

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Faust rips off his old-man disguise and springs forward as a young man.

1:22. Curtain comes swiftly down and stagehands swarm on to strike the study set. Flats are restacked swiftly for transfer to trucks waiting back of the stage on Seventh Avenue, ready to take them to the warehouse (there is not enough room at the Met to store all the scenery). Choristers and dancers pour out from the wings to take their places in the Kermesse set for Scene 2. Gay carnival lanterns, already lighted, are strung across the stage. More than 170 people are moving about in seeming confusion.

1:24.30. Pardoll says, "Places, everyone." In the instant before curtain time the cast comes to Faustian life: a hand is raised in the beginning of a greeting, a head thrown back and a wine beaker tipped to the mouth; a pair of dancers in the wings are "on the mark" for a mad-cap dash across the stage; a girl on a ladder reaches up for a lantern.

1:25. Pardoll looks out at Conductor Adler, flips a switch and a small blue light goes on in the orchestra pit. Music. The curtain rises on "students, burghers, soldiers, maidens and matrons" three minutes after it fell on Faust's study.

The performance moves on through the carnival scene, the garden scene (a rubberized pool, rocks and lilies), the church, the public square (a tricky set with two flights of stairs). As the sets are changed, everyone backstage talks in normal tones, knowing that the thick silk-and-linen curtain deadens the noise. Pardoll urges everyone to keep an eye out for loose tacks. Even so, Met dancers are resigned to at least one pierced foot per season.

3:57. The last scene is under way. Marguerite, languishing in prison, calls on the angels to save her. The chorus, already in street clothes, is massed in the wings.

4:07. Marguerite dies far out on the apron, and Mephisto pronounces her damned forever. Offstage, the angel chorus contradicts him. Marguerite is saved. She rises, turns, a scrim comes down slowly and the prison walls vanish upward. Master Mechanic Edson cautions: "Ready, boys." Half a dozen stagehands stare at a glowing red bulb, and when the light flicks off, they pull their ropes like bell ringers. Pearl-grey drops rise as the pearly gates open before Marguerite. The sighs and stirrings of the audience can be heard through Gounod's music.

4:09. The great gold curtain comes down with a sound like a chorus of school-girls whispering secrets.

4:10. Pardoll shepherds the principals through their curtain calls. Meanwhile, all the colored lights die, the harsh work lights come on and the last drop is flown. The great stage is once more an ugly warehouse. The maestros put away their scores and go out to eat. Charlie Suhren puts away his cards and climbs up to the fly gallery to change the colors on his spotlights. Production Manager Pardoll deposits his carnation in a glass of water.

Before the last star has changed to street clothes, the first scene is being set for the night's performance (*Aida*).



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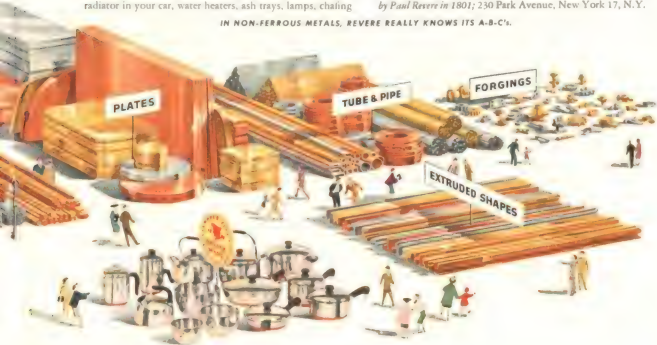
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Headline of the Week

In the *Denver Post*:

CHILD-HEATING BILL GETS
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Death of the Eagle

When he bought the Brooklyn *Eagle* 17 years ago, Publisher Frank D. Schroth took on a sickly paper and a tough labor problem. The *Eagle* had barely survived a 14-week strike by the Newspaper Guild. Right after he became publisher, Schroth announced: "With careful management and a lot of luck we will revive the *Eagle*. I sincerely hope to have the friendship of the Guild." Frank Schroth's management and the wartime boom gave the *Eagle* a



Burt Glinn—LIFE

PUBLISHER SCHROTH
He wasn't bluffing.

semblance of health again; it pushed into the black off and on, and in 1951 won a Pulitzer Prize for meritorious public service for its series on New York crime. But Schroth could not lick his Guild problem. At each round of wage negotiations, the Guild demanded the same wage scale as Manhattan papers, which is the highest scale in the U.S. Pointing to rising costs, Schroth pleaded that he could not pay. This year, in January, the 315 Guildsmen struck again, to try to keep up to the Manhattan scale.

Last week, on the 47th day of the strike (TIME, Feb. 28), Publisher Schroth admitted that the Guild problem had licked him. He closed the 114-year-old *Eagle* "forever." Said Schroth bitterly: "On January 28 the paper had 130,000 circulation . . . and many loyal advertisers. It also had 630 employees. Now it has nothing. No circulation. No advertising. No employees. The consequences of the strike have destroyed the *Eagle*."

Fair Warning. Schroth had repeatedly given fair warning that he might be forced to close down. He had said flatly that he was unable to pay the \$5.80 two-year package wage increase that Manhattan papers gave this year. Instead, he offered a \$2.40 increase. The union replied that Schroth was "chiseling" and offered to take the case to arbitration, but only on the money questions. Schroth insisted that other "fringe benefits" of the Guild contract were important hidden wages, and refused to arbitrate unless the whole contract was subject to review. Said he: the Guild was asking the *Eagle* to accept "terms that would have doubled the *Eagle*'s great financial loss of 1954." He pointed out that on the Guild's list of 177 U.S. dailies, the *Eagle*'s scale (\$131.50 a week minimum for experienced reporters) was eighth in the U.S., right behind Manhattan's seven big dailies (\$138.50).

New York Guild Executive Vice President Tom Murphy argued that the ten mechanical unions in the *Eagle*'s plant were paid Manhattan scale. "and we can't let Schroth claim: 'I've got enough money for everybody else but I haven't enough for you.'" Schroth replied by pointing out that the mechanical contracts had few of the benefits such as severance pay and sick leave that were in the Guild contract. Mediators tried to bring the two sides into agreement to save the paper, but the area of disagreement was too wide.

"Malignant Problem." When Schroth announced that he was folding the *Eagle*, Guildsmen at first still considered it "bluff," and continued to picket the plant. They were wrong. Schroth made clear that his decision was "irrevocable." The *Eagle* and its equipment were put up for sale. Schroth also has a 25-year lease for a brand-new building that the *Eagle* had expected to move into just before the strike started. (The building now occupied by the *Eagle* was bought to make way for a Brooklyn civic center.) Publisher Schroth said there was "no one in sight to buy the *Eagle* and bring it out again."

The death of the paper left Brooklyn without a daily of its own for the first time in more than a century. Manhattan papers promptly began to try to fill the vacuum with Brooklyn supplements and special editions. But there seemed to be few newspaper jobs in Manhattan for the *Eagle*'s 630 staffers on the editorial and mechanical side. Said Publisher Schroth: "The Newspaper Guild presents a malignant problem. This same thing goes on year after year until death comes."

How to Lose a Beat

At his home on Washington's Woodley Road one evening last week, New York Times Bureau Chief James Barrett Reston was getting ready to go out with his family when the telephone rang. "O.K.," said the voice on the phone. "You can get them." For Reston "them" meant only one thing: the secret records of the Yalta Conference. Like other Washington

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BUREAU CHIEF RESTON (LEFT) & STAFFERS*
"O.K.," said the voice on the phone.

newsmen. "Scotty" Reston knew that the report might be released any time. Only the day before, the State Department had volunteered to supply 24 "confidential" copies of the record to Congress. But the Democrats, knowing the record might thus leak out, refused to go along with the idea (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). As the State Department withdrew its offer, Scotty Reston went to work on his sources to turn up a copy on his own.

Last week the result of his enterprise not only got him the first copy of the Yalta record; it forced the State Department to release the text to the press of the world. It also enabled the *Times* to perform a notable journalistic feat. While most other papers were carrying only sketchy Yalta stories, the *Times* set in type and printed the full text of the 200,000-word Yalta Conference record, along with news stories, pictures and editorial comment. It ran nearly 32 full pages, the longest text the paper has ever run (second: the 15-page Pearl Harbor Report).

Phone Books. After the phone call, Reston hustled to "an office," there got the record from his caller. Reston refused to say who he was, but newsmen guessed Reston's source was someone in the State Department itself. He got the two-volume, 834-page report under three conditions: 1) the *Times* would publish the full conference record, 2) the books were to be kept handy so that they could be returned in 15 minutes, and 3) they were not to be taken apart. Thus the books could not be sent to the *Times*'s New York office, but had to be copied in Washington. Reston had already phoned *Times* Managing Editor Turner Catledge to alert him that he might be getting the report, and the *Times* had decided to publish it, since "no question of national security" was involved. With the two volumes in hand, Reston set his Washington bureau to work transmitting the record to New

York. Said he: "It was like being given two phone books to transmit."

One group of staffers started to copy Volume II (the conference record) page by page on the office Thermo-Fax machine ordinarily used to copy letters and other single sheets of paper. Meanwhile, Staff Photographer George Tames was put to work photographing Volume I (the background papers). As duplicates came off the Thermo-Fax machine, five Teletype operators began sending the conference record over the *Times*'s leased wires to New York. They worked all night, and by next day had 14 additional West-

* *Times* Washington Correspondents William H. Lawrence and Felix Belair Jr.



PHOTOGRAPHER TAMES
Two books, three conditions.

ern Union circuits operating at one time to New York. They tied up so many wires that there were not enough left to send out the text of the President's press conference, and the *Times* had to give some of the lines up. Meanwhile, *Times* Correspondent Bess Furman took the filmed copy of the background papers to New York. (Excerpts were printed the day after the full conference record appeared.)

The Leak. All this feverish activity proved to be too much for the *Times* exclusive. In Manhattan the New York bureau of the *Chicago Tribune* is in the *Times*'s building, and the *Trib* got wind of what was going on, tipped off *Trib* Managing Editor Don Maxwell in Chicago. He telephoned New York *Times* Managing Editor Catledge, tried to make a deal: he would split the costs of preparing the texts if the *Times* would cut in the *Trib*. When Catledge refused, Maxwell went after the text himself. He told his Washington bureau to stir up Illinois Senator Everett Dirksen, who, in turn, asked Republican Minority Leader William Knowland to protest about the State Department's "plan to 'leak' the text to one favored Eastern newspaper."

By then, word of the *Times* exclusive was racing around Washington. Newsmen began to badger their own sources, and copies of the report were leaking fast. Knowland and New Hampshire's Senator Styles Bridges, who were lunching that day with Secretary of State Dulles, angrily reported the uproar to him. As a result, Dulles' office told reporters after lunch that copies of the Yalta record and background briefings would be released to the entire press later in the afternoon.

Congratulations. By 4:30, when other newsmen officially got their copies of the report for release at 9 p.m., the *Times*, with as many as 84 Linotype machines at work, had an 18-hour head start in setting the text. But the *Chicago Trib*, which learned how to print fast from photoengravings during a long (1947-49) typographical strike, remembered an easy way to catch up. A *Trib* staffer flew two copies of the documents to Chicago, where the paper quickly made photoengravings of the full conference record. Thus it was able to print a supplement with a reproduction of the record.* The *Trib*, however, was so rushed that it did not have time to write enough side-bar stories to go with the text. So it borrowed three stories from the *Times*, whose news service the *Trib* buys, simply marked them "Special," and ran them on its own front page.

After the *Times* and *Trib* were out, *Times* Editor Catledge phoned the *Trib*'s Maxwell to congratulate him on his fast finish after his slow start. Joked Maxwell: "It's a mutual-admiration society. We've been agreeing with each other that we're the two greatest editors in the country."

* Long after the paper was printed, *Trib* typesetters had to set the full text in type anyway to satisfy the "bonus" type requirement (TRIS Nov. 24, 1952) of the typographical union's featherbedding rules.



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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Busy Air

¶ In Baltimore, viewers of Bishop Fulton J. Sheen's *Life Is Worth Living* got a jolt when the bishop asked the rhetorical question: "Will the Communists find Christ on the Cross?" and, without any change in the picture, a soprano voice answered loud and clear: "Of course not!" Embarrassed executives of station WAAM explained that a technician had pulled a switch at the wrong moment, cutting off the audio portion of the bishop's Du Mont show and letting in a vagrant sentence from *Corliss Archer* on ABC.

¶ In Manhattan, TV soap operas carried an even greater load of grief than usual as leading characters on *Brighter Days*, *First Love*, *Golden Windows* and *The Inner Flame* were either accused of or confessed to murder.

¶ In Miami, Conductor Leopold Stokowski blew a fuse when he heard himself described over the air as being 74 years of age and the son of an Irish mother. Cried Stokowski: "No, no, no, no. That's not true. I was born in 1882 . . . That's a damned lie. My mother was not Irish. This is terrible—where did you get that stuff?" Flurried Commentator John Prosser shouted to a station WKAT engineer. "Cut the broadcast!" and the interview was replaced by 30 minutes of recorded music. Later, Prosser explained that his information came from the International Encyclopedia of Music. Stokowski took himself off in high dudgeon, refused to clarify for reporters either his birth date or parentage.

¶ In Manhattan, cowboys appeared to have better staying power than spacemen as Du Mont announced that next month it was canceling *Captain Video*, the oldest (seven years) interplanetary show on TV.

¶ In London, the new commercial TV network scheduled to go on the air in September announced that it would cooperate with the BBC in leaving British TV screens blank from 6 to 7 every evening. Purpose: to enable parents to tear moppets away from TV sets, feed them and put them to bed before the night's programs begin.

The Versatile Thrushes

Funnyman Jack Paar appraised Songstress Betty Clooney (sister of Rosemary) with a businesslike eye last week and regretfully decided to drop her from his CBS-TV *Morning Show*. In her place he hired blonde Edith Adams, probably no better at singing than Betty. Why did he do it? Explained Paar: "We're on the air 15 hours a week, mostly without script, so everyone has to double in brass. Edith Adams can do any dialect, sing in Italian, German and French, and mimic personalities from Louis Armstrong to Marilyn Monroe. What's more, she's full of ideas, and ideas are what we live on."

TV comics from coast to coast could nod in solemn understanding. For years a girl singer needed only to 1) be pretty,



JACK PAAR & EDITH ADAMS



DENISE LOR & GARRY MOORE



GEORGE GOBEL & PEGGY KING
From bandstand to handstands.

2) have a good voice, 3) possess sufficient composure to clutch a microphone without falling off the bandstand. But television has added extra demands: more and more, singers are expected to save their breath for such nonvocal antics as handstands and soft-shoe routines.

When Eydie Gorme joined Steve Allen's NBC show *Tonight* a year and a half ago, she was simply a garden-variety pop singer. Now she can fly across the stage via hidden cables like Peter Pan, do a tap dance, play dramatic skits, deliver commercials for Helene Curtis spray net, and nimbly field and return an ad lib.

In auditioning singers, CBS's Robert Q. Lewis listens with one ear to a girl's voice, watches with both eyes to see what tricks she may have up her sleeve. He values Vocalist Jaye P. Morgan because she can "read a line," work on a trapeze and do acrobatics. He is pleased that Lois Hunt, once a junior soprano with the Met, "has come out of complete stiffness to rise to any occasion." Carol Bushman, one of the four Chordettes, wins his praise for her "farm-type humor."

The demands on all TV thrushes are not quite so strenuous. Arthur Godfrey's hired hands have had to learn to ice-skate and swim, but, mostly, his singers need only look at the floor with humility while Arthur tells viewers what good kids they are. On the *George Gobel Show*, Peggy King's main nonsinging chore is to rub noses with Funnyman Gobel before he wanders off-screen. Denise Lor's task is more elusive: Garry Moore hired her because he thought she was "somebody the Middle West would like." The Midwest likes her.

The Week in Review

Television, more and more, was getting into other people's business. NBC's *American Inventory* gave an upbeat plug to the stock market in a playlet about the joys of being a small investor, while on *Youth Wants to Know*, Arkansas' Senator William Fulbright (see BUSINESS) deplored the market's excesses. Indiana's Senator Homer Capehart got in the act by appearing on Walter Winchell's ABC telecast for the express purpose of asking Winchell some friendly questions about his broadcast stock tips. Unfortunately, the Senator began by answering questions instead of asking them, and whenever he seemed likely to get in stride, was forced to make way for a commercial for Gem razors.

Another Senator, Maine's Margaret Chase Smith, was back at work for TV, interviewing three heads of state—Franco, U Nu of Burma, Nehru—for CBS's *See It Now* (to the tune of much grumbling by G.O.P. colleagues at work on Capitol Hill). And Oklahoma's Robert Kerr defended both the oil industry and the Democratic record on *Meet the Press*.

Manic Depression. Health hints were scattered throughout the week in TV's typical buckshot fashion. *Omnibus* showed the staccato heartbeat of a pretty girl suddenly confronted by a spider, moments later probably scared more viewers than it enlightened with a closeup film se-

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HOTELMAN HILTON (AT HOME)
How the other half of 1% lives.

quence of a delicate heart operation. *Medic* used Lee J. Cobb to illustrate the dangers of manic depression in the case of a bachelor bank clerk. *The Search*, explaining that marriage produced so many problems because it was the most complex of all human relationships, blamed most failures on the lack of adequate communication between husband and wife—which left the viewers just about where they were originally.

Ed Murrow's *Person to Person* reached to California to show how the other half of 1% of the population lives—in a visit to Hotelman Conrad Hilton's 61-room Bel-Air home. Hilton led the cameras through endless hallways, lounges, state dining rooms, silver vaults and patios—all of them bearing a startling resemblance to Statler lobbies. It was almost a relief, in the second part of the program, to visit the 43-room Manhattan apartment of Red Buttons, who did a serviceable imitation of Hilton by patting his wall and confiding that it was made of "solid plaster."

Two Left Feet. To viewers who were still warmly remembering the enchantment of Mary Martin and *Peter Pan* on NBC, CBS bravely offered a lavish musical version of *Burlesque*, starring Dan Dailey and Marilyn Maxwell. The show had everything—jokes, dances, action—except the ability to make viewers care very much about what happened to the leading characters.

On the drama front, Eileen Heckart achieved a considerable *tour de force* on *Philco TV Playhouse* as a servant who chooses her employer's family over her own mother. ABC's *U.S. Steel Hour* captured much of the bestselling novel's fun in an adaptation of Mac Hyman's *No Time for Sergeants*; Andy Griffith was convincing as the Georgia rookie with two left feet and an unconquerable spirit. Probably the week's most convincing dra-

ma was found on another pair of ABC shows. *Fond's Theater* proved again that Britain's late great John Galsworthy is one of TV's most serviceable playwrights; his *The Silver Box* carried a charge of stinging social criticism (a rich man and a poor man steal the same purse in turn; the rich man repays the money, the poor man goes to jail). Roddy McDowall was excellent as the troubled man of wealth, and J. Pat O'Malley had a field day with his muleheaded part. On *Star Tonight*, a 30-minute program aimed at giving actors their first starring TV roles, young Charles Aidman managed, without any Brando mannerisms, to play a hillbilly who pins the murder of his wife on the local sheriff (Buster Crabbe).

There were some off-the-air items of note: 1) *Patterson*, the hit *Kraft TV Theater* show written by Rod Serling (*TIME*, Jan. 24), is scheduled to become a movie produced by Broadway's Jed Harris; 2) TV Producer Lou Cowan depressed sensitive viewers by announcing that a new quiz called *The \$64,000 Question* is being readied for June. The gimmick: a lucky contestant, by continuously doubling his stake, can run \$1 to a maximum of \$64,000. This will take weeks, and when the money gets big enough, the contestant will be imprisoned in a glass-enclosed room to prevent coaching from the studio audience.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, March 23. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Disneyland (Wed. 7:30 p.m., ABC). *The Vanishing Prairie* and *Seal Island*.
Lux Video Theater (Thurs. 10 p.m., NBC). Frank Lovejoy in *Shadow of a Doubt*.

Texaco Star Theater (Sat. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Starring Donald O'Connor.

Spectacular (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC). Dedicating NBC's new Color TV City, with Dinah Shore, Judy Holliday, Bob Hope, Helen Hayes, Fred Allen.

Toast of the Town (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). Twelfth anniversary of *Oklahoma!*, with Celeste Holm, John Raitt.

General Electric Theater (Sun. 9 p.m., CBS). Henry Fonda in *The Crown*.

Greatest Show on Earth (Tues. 8 p.m., NBC). Circus preview, with John Daly.

RADIO

Bob Hope Show (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., NBC). With Margaret Whiting.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *La Bohème*, with Albanese, Conley.

Conversation (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). The world's ten best novels, discussed by John Mason Brown, Jacques Barzun, Bennett Cerf, Clifton Fadiman.

Philadelphia Orchestra (Sun. 12:30 p.m., CBS). All-Bach program.

Biographies in Sound (Sun. 7 p.m., NBC). "Bernard Shaw," with Lady Astor, Vincent Sheean, Norman Thomas, Leonard Lyons.

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RELIGION

The Trial of Benedetto

A Roman Catholic priest and a Roman Catholic judge collaborated last week in acquitting a man who killed his wife.

The man: Benedetto Geponi, 68, an Italian laborer. In his youth he had journeyed to the U.S., but he did not make his fortune. After a while he came home and married an Italian girl. They settled in southern France, on the Italian border near Menton, where he grubbed out a living tending fruit trees and gardens. Nine years ago Benedetto's wife Maddalena had a stillborn child, and a year later the nervous shock led to a disease that paralyzed her legs and attacked her liver.

To care for her Benedetto went hungry and in rags. In the hospital Maddalena grew worse, and wrenching spasms of pain made her scream again and again "Am-mazzatemi! [Kill me]."

When Benedetto inherited 200,000 francs from a brother in the U.S., he brought Maddalena home and bought her enormous quantities of morphine, but the agony went on. "Buy a gun and do it," she pleaded. "If you die before I do, I'll never forgive you." Finally, he bought the gun.

One night last October, Benedetto knelt beside her bed and together they recited a prayer to the Virgin Mary. Maddalena unfasted her shift and Benedetto fired into her breast, killing her almost instantly. He ran into the street weeping. His neighbors wept with him, as did the policemen who led him to jail.

Last week came the trial. A long line of witnesses testified that Benedetto was a hard worker and a good husband. "This man to me is not a murderer," testified Father Jeanjean, "but rather a suicide's accomplice. If I had had to judge him in the confessional, I would have considered him as a weak man who, like our Lord,

bore the cross that had become too heavy for his shoulders." Judge Boriac approved the jury's verdict: not guilty.

"But I am no more for euthanasia than I am for sin," insisted Abbé Jeanjean when it was over. "Geponi was the unconscious instrumental cause of an act whose victim was the motivating cause."

Bouloumboulou

A melancholy chant, full of the flavor of steaming rivers and hot forests, floated from the choir as the priest began the Mass. Suddenly, like the rumbling of a far-off storm, a drum joined in. "Ezi sé ké nsapa," they prayed together. "We implore you, Our Lord..."

Thus went the "Congo Canoemen's Mass." Its drumbeat did not seem out of place to the natives who crowded the mission church of St. Anne in Brazzaville, French Equatorial Africa. The church's curving Gothic arch resembled the silhouette of an outsized mud hut, and its lofty vaults and arches were modeled after palm trees. The altar was made of two rough boulders topped by a monolith and the simple carved benches resembled witch doctors' ritual chairs. With its glassless windows admitting light and air and its roof covered with brilliant emerald tiles, the church seemed like a cool spot in the jungle.

Hardly less extraordinary than the service or the church is the man largely responsible for them both, 40-year-old Father Paul Bureth, St. Anne's financial angel and a first-rank showman.

Also a Five-Ton Truck. An outspoken, hardheaded Alsatian who fought as a private in the French army in World War II, Father Bureth was first assigned to Brazzaville in 1945, was back in France within a few months with heart trouble and a doctor's warning that the tropics were not

for him. But St. Anne's (started as a memorial to French soldiers) needed money, and Father Bureth organized some unemployed Africans in France into a song-and-dance group. He took them on a triumphal tour of the country, and francs rolled into the church-building fund. Between shows, Father Bureth taught French church choirs the Canoemen's Mass (written especially for St. Anne's by a French musicologist) and personally played the drums. He had to turn down an offer to put on an African floor show in a California nightspot.

By 1952 everybody, including Father Bureth, had forgotten that the tropics were bad for him. Sent back to Brazzaville (pop. 84,000) by his superiors in the Congregation of the Holy Ghost to supervise construction of the church, he tirelessly wheedled free building materials, organized a native concert and mammoth fairs to raise more money. To the natives, he became known as "Bouloumboulou," or "Assassin," a humorous reference to his driving energy and the awe in which he is held. His anger can indeed be awe-inspiring. Once, when he discovered that a native was being slowly poisoned by an uncle who wanted his property, Father Bureth broke into the man's hut, threatened to flatten both uncle and but with his five-ton truck. The poisoning process stopped.

Also a Spire. Thanks to Father Bureth, St. Anne's is slowly nearing completion (cost so far: 66 million francs, or \$274,285), has already become an active center of worship for its 8,000 native and several hundred European parishioners. Next major step: construction of a 265-foot spire to crown the edifice.

But this week, as he unpacked a new shipment of 22,000 tiles for the church, scowling at each damaged tile through his steel-rimmed glasses, he had a more immediate project in mind. For designing the church (without fee), French Architect Robert Erell, a Protestant, was awarded the Order of St. Sylvester by the Pope. This, according to Bureth, entitles Erell by ancient custom to enter St. Anne's Church on horseback. Showman Bureth is arranging to have the architect ride into church astride a horse just before the Canoemen's Mass on Whitsunday.

Trouble for the Cardinal

It is hard to be too conservative as a churchman in Spain, but Seville's Pedro Cardinal Segura y Saenz has managed it. He has lambasted Dictator Franco for being too nice to Protestants and for allowing the Falange to be too "anticlerical," he has looked nostalgically back at the Inquisition, has damned and damped down such pleasures as movies and dances in his archdiocese of Seville.

Four months ago the Vatican moved against Cardinal Segura, appointed an archbishop coadjutor with equal rights and functions plus the right of succession. Last week the 74-year-old prelate suffered another setback. The Vatican authorized publication of a message from its Papal Nuncio in Spain, Archbishop



ST. ANNE'S OF BRAZZAVILLE; FATHER BURETH & BUILDING FOREMAN
On Whitsunday, drums at Mass and a man on horseback.



CARDINAL SEGURA

Mutterings in Spain, rumors from China.

Idebrando Antoniutti, congratulating the Chapter of the Seville Cathedral for condemning a recent leaflet campaign, "directed against the Pope, the Holy See, the Nuncio, and the Archbishop Coadjutor by means of writings widely distributed from Seville throughout Spain." The leaflets (one title: *Segura, Martyr of Truth*), attacked the Cardinal's "enemies" and were reportedly approved by Segura himself. Said the Nuncio: "Put an end to the mutterings, maledictions and calumnies . . . May the pen break of those who write anonymous documents . . ."

In Seville, an official inquiry began into the authorship and origin of the pamphlets. At week's end, hard-pressed old Cardinal Segura was quoted: "Not even the Civil Guards will get me out of my diocese."

Rome's Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith last week announced the excommunication, three years ago, of Monsignor Li Wei-Kwang, onetime Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Nanking. His offense: "Acting by word and deed against the legitimate authority of the representative of the Supreme Pontiff in China." The excommunication was not published until now, in hopes that the erring priest might mend his ways. Instead, according to *Osservatore Romano*, Li has recently become "leader and proclaimer among Christians of movements that have the purpose of dividing Catholics and changing the essence of the only church of Christ." In other words, Li Wei-Kwang is helping to set up the Communists' bogus "Catholic Church" in China, similar to the "independent Catholic" churches in European Iron Curtain countries. Rumored in the offing: election of a fake Chinese "Pope."

* Only for a transgression in faith or morals would the Pope remove an archbishop.

Humanist Heresies

One of the 20th century's more fashionable agnostic creeds is "scientific humanism." That creed is not without its heresies, and in last week's humanistic *New Statesman and Nation*, commentators matched wits in naming them. Samples

"**Clerostianism:** That heresy which accepts the supremacy of the clergy in family affairs. Members of the sect submit their infants to ceremonial headwetting while placing the tongue in a ritual position in the cheek, precede their nuptial rites by ancient formulae to which they make mental reservations, and bury their ancestors only after a ceremony which they believe will ensure respectability if not immortality.

"**One Wee Prayer-ism:** The shocking heresy that, in moments of acute stress and danger, one wee prayer is permissible. This may be attributed, later, to behavioristic reflex responses.

"**Antidiseestablishmentarianism:** The belief that the established church should be preserved as a bulwark against religious enthusiasm.

"**Diabolarianism:** The belief that while it may now be confidently asserted that there is no God it is not yet safe to say the same about the Devil.

"**Somewhere-Else-ers:** Those who, despite their humanist indoctrination, cannot help thinking that, although there can be no 'heaven' for them to be in, their dead exist somehow-else, somewhere-else."

Words & Works

¶ There is too much "noisy religiosity on the public level" in the U.S., said Dean James A. Pike of the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine (New York City). "When we put 'In God We Trust' on our postage stamps, open up a meditation room in the U.S. Capitol, and make constant reference to spiritual values and then fail to live up to our words with our deeds, we give an impression of hypocrisy to the rest of the world."

¶ The Southern Baptist Convention (membership: 8,000,000) announced a "multimillion-dollar" expansion program in radio-TV to reach 65 million unchurched people. Projects: extension of *The Baptist Hour* radio program to five new metropolitan areas, including New York City; a series of half-hour color-television programs; distribution of "pre-tested scripts" for live local TV programs to 30,000 Southern Baptist churches; construction of a \$200,000 Radio-Television City at Fort Worth.

¶ Reporting on an advertising campaign for the Roman Catholic Church that used car cards in Chicago buses, streetcars, subway and elevated trains for two months in 1954, Paulist Father Maurice Fitzgerald gave this score: of 5,339 people who responded by asking for information on Catholicism, 150 became converts. Average cost per convert, including textbooks, tests and diplomas: about \$80. "There's nothing wrong with using advertising," said Father Fitzgerald. "It's basic to American life—it's the way we do things."

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SCIENCE

Electronic Morse-Man

One of the most monotonous kinds of skilled work that still survive in a world of automation is the on-the-spot translation of hand-keyed Morse code into written language. This week the C.G.S. Laboratories of Stamford, Conn. told about an electronic decoder that takes over the job. According to C.G.S., the decoder listens to the dots and dashes and automatically types out not only letters, but words. It adjusts its speed from ten words to 600 words per minute, and memory circuits permit it to "copy behind" the incoming signal, just as a human operator does.

Fossil Climate

Ichthyologist Carl Hubbs, of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, has been writing the history of California's climate as far back as 2000 B.C. Five years ago, studying water temperatures off Lower California, he camped at Santo Tomás, and with a true scientist's curiosity about things that did not directly concern him, he dug into an ancient Indian camp site and turned up the shell of a cryptochiton, a large, limpet-like mollusk.

Only a marine biologist would have found the shell exciting. Hubbs knew that cryptochitons do not live, at present, south of Santa Barbara, 300 miles to the north. He deduced that the water off Lower California (and presumably the climate) must have been considerably colder when the prehistoric Indians ate that cryptochiton.

Since then, Hubbs has rummaged through many ancient heaps of kitchen midden and found many shells of creatures that do not live there any more. Some of them he sent to the University of Chicago to be analyzed in two ways: for carbon 14 to tell their age, and for oxygen 18 to tell the temperature of the water in which they were formed.*

The tests showed that since 2000 B.C. the average temperature of the water off Lower California has fluctuated several times by as much as 5°. This does not sound impressive, but the difference is enough to count for sharp changes of climate. Dr. Hubbs believes that 300 years ago the weather was more tropical along the Lower California coast. From 700 to 1,100 years ago, it was colder than now. Twenty-five hundred years ago and 4,000 years ago, it was unusually warm. Today that part of Lower California is about as dry as possible; Dr. Hubbs thinks that the region probably got more rain during both its warm and its cold spells. Thus the land may well have been able to support the large Indian population reported to be living there by the Spaniards during the warm period 300 years ago.

The Hubbs climatic history is still full

* Oxygen 18, a rare, non-radioactive isotope of oxygen, is less abundant in the calcium carbonate of shells formed in warm water than it is in those formed in cold water.



ICHTHYOLOGIST HUBBS
Excitement in an old shell game.

of blanks, but Dr. Hubbs hopes to fill them in by finding shells from more Indian rubbish heaps. Since charcoal found on the Scripps campus dates as 22,500 years old, primitive man may have been around at least as long as that. If he liked seafood and tossed the shells by his fire, Dr. Hubbs may find them and tell climate-conscious California what kind of climate California had in 20,000 B.C.

The U-Bomb

Asked a reporter at President Eisenhower's press conference last week: Was the great thermonuclear explosion in mid-Pacific last year a "bargain basement U-bomb"—a sort of "super H-bomb with a jacket of natural-state uranium that gave it greater power at less cost?" The President replied that he did not think he should attempt to answer the question (and the White House clipped both question and reply out of the television coverage), passed the matter to AEC Chairman Strauss, who refused to comment. But the whole exchange whetted new curiosity about the U-bomb, the latest addition to the world's popular atomic vocabulary.

The U-bomb, say the educated guessers, gets much of its energy from uranium 238, the plentiful isotope of uranium that used to be considered inert and nonfissionable. In theory, such an explosion is entirely possible. So are many other new reactions. Man's armory of nuclear ingredients is growing like a mushroom cloud.

Fission to Fusion. At the end of World War II, only two ingredients were in the nuclear picture. They were uranium 235 and plutonium, both of which are fissionable, i.e., the addition of a single neutron to the atomic nucleus splits the nucleus, with a vast release of energy. Later a third nuclear ingredient, fissionable U-233,

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was made out of nonfissionable thorium.

About five years ago came the "fusion" reaction. In this, an isotope of hydrogen (either deuterium, H-2, or tritium, H-3) was forced by extreme high temperature to "fuse" into helium with an enormous release of energy. The scientists got the required high temperature by exploding a conventional fission bomb as a detonator. With this development of fusion—which has never been officially described—the number of reactive nuclear ingredients rose to at least six.

Temperature Does It. As far as nuclear research is concerned, the tremendous heat of the new-style explosion is more important than the H-bomb itself. The hotter the reaction, the faster atomic particles move. In the hottest reactions they may move at such speed that they shatter normally stable atoms. If these atoms are large ones, e.g., U-238 or thorium, their splitting releases still more energy. This process, now called thermonuclear fusion, was described in the 1945 Smyth Report.

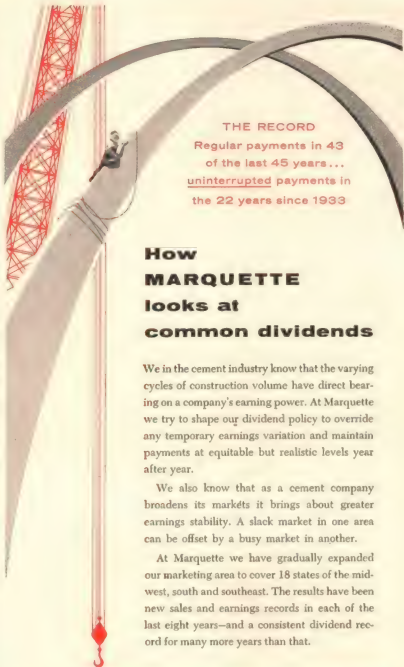
Some physicists are now guessing that the bomb exploded in the Marshall Islands in Operation Castle on March 1, 1954 was a thermonuclear device. They theorize that it had an old-style atom bomb (U-235 or plutonium) as a detonator at its center. Around this was hydrogen-containing material. Outside this, in turn, was a layer of U-238. The extreme high temperature of fusion caused the U-238 to explode by thermonuclear fusion.

Supporting this theory are a few public hints. One is that the AEC has always spoken of the Castle bomb as "thermonuclear," not as a hydrogen bomb. Another is that the explosion created an enormous amount of radioactive residue, which the AEC has officially described as consisting of "fission products." Traces of fission products were, in fact, discovered by Japanese scientists who analyzed the fall-out aboard the hapless fishing boat *The Fortunate Dragon* (TIME, March 29, 1954). If most of the bomb's energy had come from the fusion of hydrogen or other light elements, its residue would not have contained such large amounts of the fission products that are formed by exploding uranium.

Shipload Lots. A literal three-layer bomb would be awkward to build. It is more than likely that the nuclear weapon makers know how to combine their ingredients in many subtle ways. They have probably discovered that complex mixtures, rather than layers, are more effective or reactive.

If U-238 has indeed been made to explode, the weapon makers have a great plenty of it to work with. The stuff was formerly considered an almost valueless residue left over from the manufacture of plutonium or the separation of fissionable U-235. It may need hardly any treatment to qualify in shipload lots as a nuclear explosive.

None of this is cheery news. It may be the origin of a wry saying of the nuclear weapon makers: "Thermonuclear bombs come in three sizes: little ones, medium-sized ones, and where's everybody?"



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EDUCATION

Command Decision

In preparing for the arrival of their first cadets in July, officials of the new Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs were up to their necks in problems of supply. Should the boys wear boxer or jockey-type shorts? Should they have foam rubber or innerspring mattresses, button or clamp suspenders, optional or compulsory washcloths? But of all the problems, none was causing more fuss last week than the design for the new cadet uniform. It all began when Secretary Harold Talbott flew into Denver six weeks ago, found himself in a huddle with Academy Superintendent Lieut. General Hubert Harmon and Commandant of Cadets Colonel R. W. Stillman.

"You two don't know a damn thing about uniforms," sputtered the Secretary after looking over nine new models. "I know even less than both of you. What we need is some real imagination. Some of those men in Hollywood should be able to give it to us—men like Cecil DeMille and Walt Disney and Louis Mayer. I'm going to get some outside help. You wait to hear from me."

A few days later, the Secretary phoned the academy to say that no less a person than Cecil B. DeMille was going to do the job, and a few days after that, the great man himself called. "I have the two best designers of military uniforms in the world," said DeMille. "I have taken them off *The Ten Commandments* and put them on the Air Force Academy uniform." Then, just for inspiration, he asked for photographs of uniforms from all over the world—Japan, China, Belgium, Norway, Turkey.

Last week, while awaiting the DeMille design, Secretary Talbott sent out a memo suggesting that all hands play down the Hollywood angle. "It's getting out of hand; people better understand that we're still making the final decision, not Hollywood." Cracked an academy officer: "We've been afraid people would think our cadets were going to carry spears."

What Is Academic Freedom?

Is academic freedom in the U.S. really in danger? Absolutely, says rising young (36) Historian Russell Kirk (*The Conservative Mind*)—but not alone for the reasons that most teachers seem to think. In his latest book, *Academic Freedom* (Henry Regnery: \$3.75), Kirk points an accusing finger at the teaching profession itself. Some of freedom's most earnest champions, he writes, are actually gnawing away its roots.

One reason for this, Kirk holds, is that many a teacher does not begin to understand the true basis of academic freedom. It is not, as Philosopher Sidney Hook insists, a gift from the community, nor is it justified simply because it benefits society. "Academic freedom, in short, belongs to that category of rights called 'natural rights,' and is expressed in cus-

tom, not in statute." Plato's Academy "was not founded by the community, nor did it owe its primary allegiance to the community. It was instituted by private persons . . . to enable them to pursue the Truth without being servants of an evanescent community. And this idea of intellectual freedom, the freedom of the Academy, has ever since been the model for all men trained in the classical disciplines."

Bearers of the Word. In their own way, the medieval universities carried on the tradition. Like Plato's Academy, they were free "because their allegiance was to the Truth, as it was given to them to perceive it, and not to the community." Far from smothering discussion, the Christian framework of these universities "encouraged disputation of a heat and intensity almost unknown in universities nowadays . . . They were free, these Schoolmen, free from external interference and free from a stifling internal conformity, because the whole purpose of the universities was the search after an enduring truth, beside which worldly aggrandizement was as nothing."

Today, says Kirk, the ancient notion that teachers are Bearers of the Word, servants only of the Truth, has fallen into disrepute. In place of Truth "derived from apprehension of an order more than natural or material," such scholars as John Dewey and Sidney Hook "early became attached to democracy as an ideal, and in time made democracy into an abstraction and an absolute, for lack of any other god."

But the new slogan, "Education for democracy," is a barren one, for democracy can work for evil as well as good. "Democracy is . . . simply a means to certain ends . . . And those ends, Justice and Freedom, are in large measure the products of religious faith, of the religious conviction that the human person has



HISTORIAN KIRK
The old heat was warmer.



PLATO IN THE ACADEMY
The Sophists were ever so liberal.

dignity and rights because divine wisdom so ordained . . . I do not think that academic freedom could long prosper under King Demos, if Democracy should succeed in casting off its religious sanctions."

Destroying Negative. Unfortunately, says Kirk, the fear of any dogma has led to a completely erroneous definition of academic freedom. Such "doctrinaire liberals" as Historian Henry Steele Commager and President Harold Taylor of Sarah Lawrence "think of the Academy as a place where professors, like the Sophists, talk perpetually of the impossibility of knowing anything with certitude, and the necessity for considering every point of view, and the need for being ever so liberal. These latter gentlemen put me in mind of Bacon's famous line: 'What is truth?' said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer."

Professor Commager's theme that "everyone ought to dissent from everything for dissension's sake . . . is all a negation, praising liberty because liberty gives opportunity to demolish ancient things, and praising the Academy because the Academy may be utilized as a safe corner from which to dislodge the wisdom of our ancestors."

Kirk is no man to deny that the U.S. university has plenty of tormentors from the right, both in and out of Congress. But "whatever constriction of academic freedom may have come to pass in recent years because of timidity about expressing political opinions, this loss is very small in comparison with the diminution of true freedom of the intellect through a deadening but voluntary conformity to pragmatic smugness and the popular shibboleths of the day . . . If the Academy is to preserve its liberties . . . it must be defended by men loyal to transcendental values."

But to what values precisely?

"To the proposition that the end of

education is the elevation of the reason of the human person, for the human person's own sake.

"To the proposition that the higher imagination is better than the sensate triumph.

"To the proposition that the fear of God, and not the mastery over man and nature, is the object of learning . . .

"To the proposition, Socratic and Christian, that the unexamined life is not worth living.

"If the Academy holds by these propositions, not all the force of Caesar can break down its walls; but if the Academy is bent upon sneering at everything in heaven and earth, or upon reforming itself after the model of the market place, not all the eloquence of the prophets can save it."

Mission to Bangkok

The Deputy Minister of Education for the government of Thailand was obviously perplexed by the American lady who had come all the way to Bangkok to start a school for the blind. "Madam," said he, "why are you doing such foolish work? There are no blind in Thailand." "But, Your Excellency," replied the lady, "there are 14 in my new school already." "Well," huffed the Minister, "why bother to educate them?" And with that, his excellency turned away.

In the 17 years since she settled in Bangkok, Virginia-born Genevieve Caulfield¹⁰ has brought to Thailand's 11,000 blind hope that they might otherwise never have known. Finding herself, she was determined to break down Thailand's traditional indifference to the handicapped, eventually founded the first school for the blind that the country has ever had. Last week, 8,700 miles away, her story was retold at a special ceremony in Philadelphia. There, as part of the city's Education Week for the Blind, Genevieve Caulfield received *in absentia* a small, belated, but much deserved reward: a plaque for her "great contribution in the field of education of the sightless."

Destination: Asia. Genevieve Caulfield lost her sight in infancy, when a careless doctor dropped some searing medicine into her eyes. In childhood her mother urged her to play like other youngsters, explained to Genevieve's friends: "She can't see, but she can play as you do. Perhaps you might help her a little if there are holes in the ground." Later, after graduating from two different schools for the blind, Genevieve became fascinated by what she had heard about Asia, decided to learn Japanese and then take a degree at Columbia University's Teachers College. She taught English to Japanese businessmen in Manhattan, finally set out for Tokyo. There, while teaching at a boys' school, she first heard about the deplorable conditions in Thailand.

Armed with \$800 raised during a quick visit to the U.S., she arrived in Bangkok in 1938 to find conditions even worse than she expected. To most of Thailand's

¹⁰ Aunt of actress Joan Caulfield.

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TEACHER CAULFIELD (CENTER) & BLIND THAI STUDENTS
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Buddhist population, blindness was simply a punishment inflicted for some evil done in a previous life, and not even the government seemed to want to interfere. "This is really unnecessary work," the late Prince Rajada Sonakul told her. "When we finish educating all the delinquent boys in Thailand, perhaps we can do something for the physically handicapped." Weary of official brushoffs, Miss Caulfield decided to take her case to the people. She set up a booth at Bangkok's big Constitutional Fair, for seven nights straight gave demonstrations in reading Braille. Though the people watched and listened, they did not believe. Some said she was a spy; most thought her reading was only a trick.

Into the Interior. Then, one day in 1939, her luck changed. The blind Princess Puangmas-Phaka Diskul, cousin of the future King Phumiphon, heard about her work, asked to be admitted to the school. Soon other pupils came, and by the time the war broke out, her school was so well established that the Japanese invaders were persuaded to let it continue. When the bombs began to fall on Bangkok she gathered her pupils together and moved the school into the interior. After V-J day she led her doughty band of students back to the capital and took up where she had left off.

Today Genevieve Caulfield's matronly figure is a famous one in Bangkok. Her school, built on land that the government gave her in 1949, has six buildings and a special Braille printing press from the Foreign Operations Administration. Taught by a staff of Roman Catholic Salesian sisters and Thai volunteers, her 180 pupils come from all over the land—the children of high government officials and poor shopkeepers, of rich merchants, pedicab drivers and coolies. Eventually, she hopes to build a new \$50,000 building, a vocational training center in northern Chiangmai. But even if those plans never go through, she will have accomplished her mission. "The whole attitude of the

Thai people towards the physically handicapped," says she, "has changed entirely." Would she take the credit? "Please look at it this way: the school has helped a great deal."

Report Card

¶ By a vote of 7 to 1, the New York City Board of Education passed a resolution that would 1) require teachers to answer under oath questions on "any matter under the jurisdiction of the board," and 2) "authorize" Superintendent William Jansen to require teachers to name any colleagues who "may be or may have been" members of subversive groups.

¶ South Carolina's Governor George Timmerman Jr. contributed a remarkable definition to the controversy over desegregation of U.S. schools. Desegregation, said he, is "designed to lynch the character of a fourth of our nation . . . It is contrary to the divine order of things. Only an evil mind could conceive it. Only a foolish mind can accept it."

¶ After a three-month test of trainees in the U.S. Army Signal Corps at Camp Gordon, Ga., the Human Resources Research Office of George Washington University had some good news for backers of educational TV. Most important findings of the test: 1) normal instruction time in one electronics course was cut in half when the course was presented on TV with visual gimmicks, e.g., closeups, cutaway models; 2) TV students remembered what they had learned as well as and often better than, students taught by regular classroom instructors; and 3) men with low I.Q.s benefited most, did far better on examinations than their counterparts in regular classes.

¶ At a meeting on juvenile delinquency, Vice Principal Meyer Berkowitz of Philadelphia's Samuel S. Fels Junior High School gave one reason for current misbehavior: "When I was young, we used to roll up the rug and dance. It's tougher now for the youngsters because of wall-to-wall carpeting and parents watching television."

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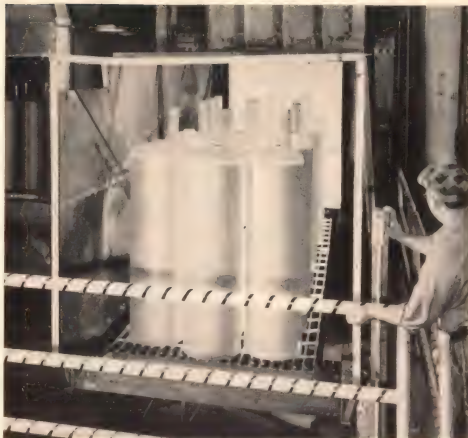
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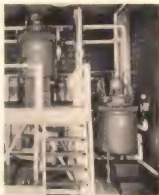
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ART



MAX ERNST'S
"RENDEZVOUS"

Group portrait of Surrealists, painted in 1922, shows Ernst perched on bearded Dostoevsky's lap. Others from left, front row: Fraenkel, Paulhan, Péret, Baargeld, Desnos. Second row: Crével (*seated*), Soupault, Arp, Morise, Rafaele Sanzio, Eluard, Aragon, Breton, De Chirico, Gala Eluard.

Surrealized Zombie

With all the solemnity of a high court rendering judgment, the handful of loyal surrealists who still rally round Poet André Breton, 59, intoned a malediction on one of their founding members, then relegated him to the ranks of the living dead. The victim: Painter Max Ernst, 63, whose dreamscapes haunted with women in birds' plumage, boilerplate elephants and the carnage of dismembered mannequins long kept him in the surrealist van. His crime: winning first prize in last year's Venice Biennale (TIME, June 28).

Beyond the Pale. The verdict, published in the current issue of surrealism's official magazine *Medium*, recited Ernst's sins in surrealist detail. "Understanding that Max Ernst won the First Prize for Painting at the Venice Biennale, and that under the circumstances one cannot even allow that he was the winner of a competition, since a separate pavilion had been placed at his disposal . . . thus affording evidence that this official recognition was preconceived, and could not have been so well arranged if it had not been obstinately schemed for,

"That, an old Dadaist and Surrealist

from the very start . . . he has [now] renounced in the most flagrant manner the nonconformism and the revolutionary spirit that he previously embraced,

"That as signer of most of the [principal] collective texts . . . he has long shown himself to be among those most merciless toward any kind of divergence or defection,

"That in assuming such 'honors,' he blithely sacrifices for his material interests . . . the superior interests of the spirit . . .

"[We] consider that Max Ernst has placed himself outside Surrealism, and decree that whatever he undertakes in the

SUCCESS THROUGH FAILURE



GERASSI

PAINTER Fernando Gerassi believes that nothing succeeds like failure. "Each time you fail," he says, "you learn something. If you have faith in yourself you accept the failure and go on. The more failures the better." This philosophy has seen Gerassi through some dark times, and brought him to a point where he may have to abandon it. Gerassi's first exhibition in 20 years opens next week at Manhattan's Panoramas Gallery, and is likely to be a smashing success.

The pictures relate to no particular school or fashion, carry no message. They are not meant to stun, dazzle, or instruct the viewer, but simply to be enjoyed. Gerassi clearly enjoyed painting each one. They have the brightness, boldness and paradoxical vagueness that six-year-olds generally bring to painting, but behind the pictures' ebullience lies a highly sophisticated intelligence. Gerassi's *Magic Mountains* (right) is done with rock-bottom economy of means: a few horizontal stripes, one with a sawtooth edge. To those who demand recognizable details, it may seem little more than a close-up of a rusty saw. But taken

on its own terms, as evocation rather than description, it can have the misty morning grandeur of a mirage that stays. *The Sun Is Never Alone* presents a more complex image in almost equally simple terms. The red and black crescent shapes supporting the sun's molten disk through the dusk can be read as clouds, a bird, a fish, a sailboat, or all four combined.

Painter Gerassi is a heavy-muscled, egg-bald man of 55 who talks with staccato forcefulness in a thick accent—English was the last of many languages he picked up. Raised in Spain, he first resolved to be a philosopher, went to Germany to study. "I wanted to find out the sense of life," he recalls. "I found out you don't find out anything but speculations."

A trip to Italy convinced Gerassi that what he really wanted in life was to paint pictures. To make a living while painting, he has tried his hand at some 40 different jobs. He came to the U.S. at the start of World War II, got an art teaching post at Vermont's Putney School three years later. Today his Ukrainian-born wife teaches modern languages at the school, while Gerassi paints in their two-room, picture-crammed cottage, or wanders over the Vermont hills.

Such peaceful, secluded living has served to heighten the chief quality of Gerassi's paintings: a warm and sunny kind of innocence. But the simplicity actually springs from an arduous process of trial and error—from "failures," as he says.



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THE TEXAS COMPANY

future will no longer interest [us]."

It was the most sensational expulsion since Salvador Dali (whose name surrealist is still anagram as "Avida Dollars") was kicked out in 1935 for commercialism. It left surrealism, once the rage of the 1920s and 1930s, with scarcely a recognizable name to call its own.

Down the Path. But High Priest Breton was inflexible. In his studio overlooking Paris' Place Pigalle, where he lives surrounded by surrealist mementos (canvases by De Chirico, Picasso and Miro, an obscene Dali and a fading collage by Marcel Duchamp), with tables and shelves covered with crystal balls, African masks and bronze hands, he explained: "We had to take this step because of the younger members. Moreover, the independence of art was at stake." Is surrealism finished? "Definitely not," says Breton. "Surrealism



PAINTER ERNST

Into the ranks of the living dead.

has no age. Goya was a surrealist, so was Dante. But the public has been vaccinated. Nobody starts a riot any more over a surrealist show. But we continue to stick to our fundamental ideas: *la poésie, l'amour et la liberté*. There is no room among us for those who deviate from this path."

From Huismes, in central France, where he was vacationing last week, old manifesto writer Max Ernst was not long in replying: "I left the surrealist group in 1939 and have never since belonged to it. It seems to me that all those who have made the discoveries and the greatness of surrealism, have over the last 20 years either left or have been 'excluded.' (To name a few: Picabia, Magritte, Giacometti, Brauner, Tanguy, the artists, and Crevel, Desnes, and Eluard, the poets.) For me, surrealism will continue to be represented by poets such as these, rather than by the mediocrities clinging to the masthead of André Breton. No wonder he is lonely! I am sorry for him."

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BUSINESS

WALL STREET

Down & Up

Not in years had Wall Street gone through such a hectic week. On Monday, as Wall Streeters gloomed over the Fulbright investigation, stocks had their biggest drop since the start of the Korean war. Industrials fell 9.72 points, to 391.36, back to where they were in early December. Next day Wall Street took cheer from Treasury Secretary Humphrey's testimony (see below), and stocks bounded up. They

flirted around with the customary pink fronts," and "almost wrecked" World War II's Office of Price Administration.

There was no doubt that the hearings were generating so much more heat than light that Chairman Fulbright himself admitted that the whole affair appeared to be "futile." Then he helpfully translated just what he meant by "futile": "We are in a box. If any good comes out of these hearings, the credit redounds to the President rather than to us."

100% Wrong. The week's first witness

lack of it—has more to do with the conduct of investors . . . than any single thing."

Fulbright was stunned. "Do you think we should discontinue these hearings?" he asked. Said Humphrey: "I do not think I would care to advise this committee on what its functions are and what it should do." New York's Republican Senator Irving Ives wanted to know if Humphrey had heard "anything today about" a stock-market crash. Said the Secretary: only "in the hearings of this committee."

Humphrey was joined by Indiana's Republican Homer Capehart, who had been needing Fulbright from the beginning. Said Capehart: "The series of questions that we have had in this committee have all tended to be on the negative side, [and have tended] to prove that stock prices are too high and that maybe we are just a few steps behind a crash such as we had in 1929." Said Fulbright: "It is very inappropriate to engage in bickering with you before this audience." Replied Capehart: "You started it . . . You . . . stick to your knitting and ask [your] questions." Fulbright flushed, and answered sarcastically: "The Senator always adds a great deal to the dignity and intelligence of our hearings."

100% Convinced. Time and again during the investigation, Fulbright had asked witnesses, for reasons best known to him and his farm constituents in Arkansas, whether they thought the auto industry was competitive and whether prices of General Motors cars were too high. At week's end G.M. President Harlow H. ("Red") Curdie got a chance to answer the question himself. Armed with charts and statistics, Curdie testified that the auto industry is fiercely competitive, and that G.M.'s prices have increased less since 1941 than its competitors'. But why, asked Fulbright, did G.M. not cut its prices when the excess-profits tax expired? Said Curdie: "In effect, we lowered prices because we did not increase the prices with the greatly enhanced value that was built into the cars."

Did G.M. want to increase its share of the market to 60%, or was it afraid of becoming a monopoly? Answered Curdie: "We have to keep aggressively competitive in all areas in order to keep sure of maintaining even our position." To show what he meant, Curdie predicted that by 1962 auto registrations will rise 30%, with a gross national product of \$500 billion. Then Capehart spoke up again. The line of questioning, it seemed to him, had nothing to do with the stock market. Snapped Fulbright: "You have no right continually to criticize my questions." But Capehart disagreed. "I am going to continue to do so because I am thoroughly—100%—convinced that the purpose of this investigation is not to investigate the stock market, but to harass the Eisenhower Administration and to harass business in the U.S."



CHAIRMAN FULBRIGHT & GENERAL MOTORS' CURDIE
Confidence is a subtle thing.

Associated Press

ended with a gain of 7.92 points, the largest single-day's advance since Sept. 5, 1939. In the next two days they crept up farther, ended up the week with a net gain of 3.67 points. It looked as if investors were finally paying less attention to the Washington hearings than to the healthy facts of the U.S. economy.

"We Are in a Box"

Senator J. William Fulbright's investigation of the stock market, which had some suspiciously political overtones from the start, last week turned into an out-and-out dogfight between Democrats and Republicans. G.O.P. Chairman Leonard Hall charged that Committee Member Paul Douglas of Illinois was "one of the original instigators of the gloom-and-doom attack" during the last congressional campaign, and that one of the star witnesses, Harvard's Professor John K. Galbraith, was an "oldtime New Dealing, A.D.A.-type of anti-Jeffersonian radical [who]

was Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr. of the Federal Reserve Board, watchdog of the nation's credit and one-time president of the New York Stock Exchange. Previous witnesses, notably Harvard's Galbraith, had testified that margin requirements should be raised, perhaps as high as 100%. Did Martin agree? He did not, since credit denied to the market would just move into other fields.

Next witness was Treasury Secretary George Humphrey, who had been following the hearings closely. Humphrey decided that it was time to read former College President Fulbright (University of Arkansas) a little lesson in economics. Humphrey was frankly worried about the effects of the investigation, feared it would affect confidence in the economy as a whole as well as the market. The market, said he, is a meeting place of the ideas of millions of people. "Confidence is a subtle thing. It is built slowly and can be easily and quickly shaken . . . Confidence—or

CORPORATIONS

The Brain Builders

[See Cover]

"At last I come under a huge archway and behold the Grand Lunar exalted on his throne in a blaze of incandescent blue . . . The quintessential brain looked very much like an opaque, featureless bladder with dim, undulating ghosts of convolutions writhing visibly within . . . Tiers of attendants were busy spraying that great brain with a cooling spray, and patting and sustaining it . . ."

—H. G. Wells.

The First Men in the Moon

Last week, in a pastel blue and grey room on the fifth floor of a St. Louis office building, the newest Wellsian brain in the earthly world was enthroned. This quintessential brain looked like nothing more than a collection of filing cases, stretching in a 60-ft. semicircle about the room. From within the grey metal cases came a faint humming sound; along the light-studded metallic face were scores of twinkling orange sparks, rippling like waves of thought. As in the Grand Lunar's palace, a blaze of light flooded over the pale walls and pillars of rosy pink. Air conditioning filtered out the dust, kept the temperature at an even 75°. Along one end of the chamber was a gleaming plate-glass observation window, through which mere humans—attendants and sightseers—could watch and marvel.

The brain was the newest electronic calculator, developed by International Business Machines Corp. and installed in Monsanto Chemical Co.'s St. Louis headquarters. To IBM, it was the "Model 702 Electronic Data Processing Machine." To Monsanto and awed visitors, it was simply "the giant brain." Seated at its



Leo Chesla

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For office hands, horsepower; for brain power, electronic energy.

control console, a man has at his command the computing ability of 25,000 trained mathematicians.

New Horizons. On each of its reels of magnetic tape, the brain can remember enough information to fill a 1,836-page Manhattan telephone book—any figure, word, chemical or mathematical symbol—and work the information at the rate of 7,200 unerringly logical operations per second. In its vast computing units (2,500 electronic tubes, three miles of wire) it can multiply a pair of 127-digit numbers and arrive at a 254-digit answer in one-third of a second. In a second it can add 4,000 five-digit figures or do 160 equally complicated long divisions. And at the end, it can produce its answers in any of four ways—flash them on a TV-like screen, punch them on cards, print them on paper, or store them away on rolls of magnetic tape at the rate of 15,000 characters every second.

To Monsanto, the great brain will mean unprecedented speed, accuracy and economy in every phase of its manifold chemical business. In just twelve machine-hours the brain will do 1,200 cost reports that normally take 1,800 man-hours; in barely two hours it will complete a financial statement that takes a staff of accountants 320 hours. For Monsanto's chemists it will open up new horizons by rapidly working out complex equations to help discover new products, improve old ones, find out which of dozens of technically "correct" answers to problems are the best.

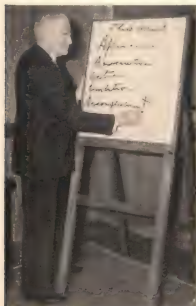
"**THINK.**" IBM's new brain is a logical extension of the company's famed slogan. "**THINK.**" In the age of giant electronic brains, IBM's President Thomas J. Watson Jr. is applying to machines the slogan which his father, IBM's Board Chairman Thomas J. Watson Sr., applied only to men. President Watson hopes to mechanize hundreds of processes which require

the drab, repetitive "thought" of everyday business. Thus liberated from grinding routine, man can put his own brain to work on problems requiring a function beyond the capabilities of the machine: creative thought. Says Watson: "Our job is to make automatic a lot of things now done by slow and laborious human drudgery. A hundred years ago there was an industrial revolution in which seven to ten horsepower was put behind each pair of industrial hands in America. Today we're beginning to put horsepower behind office hands, electric energy in the place of brain power."

IBM is not the only company with the idea of automating U.S. offices. In the fast-growing business equipment industry, such big firms as National Cash Register, Burroughs Corp. and Remington Rand are busy making everything from adding machines to the new electronic computers. But IBM is the biggest of all with 25% of the two billion dollar industry.

IBM, with orders for 14 of its Model 702 electronic computers (renting at \$70,000 a month), has already delivered 10 giant computers of an earlier model—the 701. Almost no job under the industrial sun is too tough for IBM's electronic brains if the problem can be reduced to a formula. The Atomic Energy Commission has three 701 computers, uses them to figure out incredibly complex problems on its nuclear production line. The Navy has a 701 keeping track of inventories and shipments, calculating when to reorder thousands of different items and how much to buy. IBM has just delivered a new NORC computer (TIME, Dec. 13) to the Navy; it cost \$2,500,000 to build, can do one billion calculations daily.

Even bigger electronic brains are being readied for the Air Force's supersecret "Project Lincoln." These computers' will one day direct the defense of North America by calculating the course, speed



CHAIRMAN WATSON

On rippling waves of thought.

and altitude of approaching enemy planes, then firing guided missiles to intercept them. A 701 has gone to work for the Weather Bureau, and will attempt to make weather forecasting an exact science. Weathermen will feed into it hundreds of reports on rainfall, temperature, humidity, expect that the brain will be able to predict accurate weather for any place in the U.S. 48 hours in advance.

On the West Coast, almost every aircraft company has at least one big IBM computer. At Lockheed, for example, a brain is given all the characteristics of a plane, e.g., weight, wing stress, etc., then "flown" at imaginary speeds, put into dives, etc. Swiftly and accurately, the brain tells what would happen in real flight. In its spare time, the brain solves production problems by coordinating thousands of workers with thousands of parts flowing into plane assembly lines.

The Automatic Factory. Businessmen already envision a day when the brains will be used not only for paper-work problems, but to operate factories, to run auto production lines or any plant where a process can be reduced to a pre-set, repetitive system. Swiftly and obediently, the big robot will start and stop production lines, supervise all the machines, correct faulty workmanship, inspect the finished product, package it and ship it out to U.S. consumers.

The mere vision of such total automation for industry has touched off a siren of alarm among U.S. labor unions; they fear that the already swift spread toward automation will throw thousands of workers out of jobs. Before a congressional committee investigating the stock market last week (see WALL STREET).

General Motors President Harlow H. Curtice took special care to debunk the bugaboo. Said he: "Automation is the making of tools to produce more efficiently . . . It's progress."

In such progress, some workers may indeed be displaced by machines. But for every job lost, a dozen more interesting, better-paying jobs will open up in the making and servicing of machines. Says Tom Watson Sr.: "Automation will develop as all other forms of power. Primitive man had only his hands, then animal power, then wind power—windmills and sailing ships—then came steam and electric power, and gasoline and oil power, and now, atomic power. Not one of these powers ever canceled out the powers we already had. In every development we made, the original power—manpower—became more valuable than ever. Never in history has man gotten higher rates of pay for his work than he is getting today."

The Perennial Fallacy. Nowhere is the fallacy of unemployment from automation more evident than in offices. There, automation has made its greatest strides, helped along by dozens of whirling, clicking machines. Yet the number of office workers has actually risen from 5,100,000 to 8,100,000 in the last ten years. Only the new machines have made it possible for U.S. businessmen to keep up with the increasing flood of paper work. There are automatic time clocks, electric typewriters, card punchers, sorters, analyzers, tabulating machines and accounting machines. They do everything from keeping records to servicing bank accounts and writing checks. The U.S. Government alone uses 23,150 tabulating machines (more than 90% made by IBM).

To fill new needs, IBM has just brought out a "Cardatype" machine, which can do a complete accounting job, has electric typewriters type out the finished accounts from punched cards, all automatically. They can do and type as many as five separate accounts simultaneously. IBM also has a new super-time-clock system, in which one master clock regulates all lights, air conditioning, heating, doors and vaults in a plant. For example, a few minutes before 9 o'clock each morning, the machine can open the doors, flick on lights, turn on heat or the air conditioner; at closing time it shuts up shop without human help.

The Big Shift. IBM's success in office automation was built on machines of cogs and gears; its swift tabulating machine was basically only a mechanical improvement on the first one built by Blaise Pascal in 1640, which in turn was an improvement on the ancient Chinese abacus. But in the last few years there has been a profound change in the business. The mechanical cogs and gears have given way to electronic circuits, cathode-ray tubes and transistors. For IBM the change could not have come at a better time. Tom Watson Sr., who had improved his machines close to their mechanical limits, was ready to step up from president to chairman. His son, who took over the president's chair in 1952, was quick to see the new electronic age adawning. Almost singlehanded, he fought his ideas through, persuaded everyone that IBM had to learn to make electronic circuits do the work of old-fashioned cogs and wheels.

As it was, Remington Rand hit the electronic computer market first, with its \$1,125,000 UNIVAC in 1951, cleaned up the early contracts. Today Remington Rand has 26 big UNIVACs in various models around the U.S., orders for eleven more. But spurred by President Watson, IBM now has orders for 129 giant electronic calculators; 109 of the orders are for the new 704 and 705, which are bigger and faster than the current Model 702. The big computers will cost IBM more than \$1,000,000 each to build, but they will bring the company a whopping income of nearly \$50 million each year in rental fees from U.S. industry.

Cash & Collars. IBM was created by Thomas John Watson Sr., who built it into the 37th ranking U.S. manufacturing corporation, and in so doing, carved out an American business legend for himself. Watson, who believes that "nobody really gets started until he's 40," worked for Dayton's National Cash Register Co. until 1914. Then at 41, he suddenly pulled up stakes. Going East to Manhattan, he went to work for the Computing-Tabulating-Recording-Co., which in 1911 had begun making new kinds of time clocks, butcher's scales and accounting machines.

With his kindly, canny Scots face and fluent speech, Watson was his own best salesman. Carefully he designed new machines to fit each customer's needs, and within a year he was president of C-T-R. Two years later, the company paid out its first \$3 dividend and Watson was on his



"... then I yanked this do-jigger here, and bingo, the darned thing started making doughnuts!"



F. S. Lincoln

IBM COUNTRY CLUB AT ENDICOTT, N.Y.

Also paper collars, bowling alleys, and songs for all occasions.

way. He conjured up so many new ideas that he still holds in his own name more than a dozen patents for machines. Wherever he went, he drove his staff to do more, learn more—above all, to THINK more.

By 1924 C-T-R had three plants in the U.S., had expanded abroad with branches in France, Great Britain, Canada and Germany, "developing Europe," as Watson called it. He changed the company's name to International Business Machines, expanded still more. His high, stiff collars, his aversion to smoking and drinking, his vast store of aphorisms became trademarks of IBM to the outside world. Inside his company, he operated like a benign patriarch. IBM's workers were among the best paid in industry, had other benefits that few companies had. At company banquets, Watson liked to lead his employees in singing company songs such as his *Hail to IBM*[®] anthem. Every executive, both big and little, became a polished speaker, and all dressed like Watson. He wanted them to look neat.

Through the '20s and '30s, no fewer than 45 new business machines appeared under the new IBM label. While other companies cut payrolls through the Depression, Watson refused to lay off men. IBM stored away what it could not sell, against better days. In 1933 Watson bought up Electromatic Typewriters, Inc., a Rochester (N.Y.) firm which had the first completely electric typewriter, and put the first such mass-produced machine into U.S. business offices.

Today the IBM empire spreads to every corner of the world, selling or renting business machines at the rate of \$160 million in 1954. In the U.S. alone, IBM employs 34,000 workers; at six plants (Endicott, Poughkeepsie and Kingston, N.Y.; Washington, D.C.; Greencastle, Ind.; San Jose, Calif.) it makes 5,600 different models of business machines which it sells or rents through

188 U.S. offices. Overseas, IBM's World Trade Corp., run by 35-year-old Arthur Watson, Tom Jr.'s younger brother, employs 16,500 more workers in 17 smaller plants, 227 offices in 79 nations.

IBM has never had a union; it never needed one. Besides high wages (\$2.25 an hour for production employees, \$10.00 and up for salesmen), IBM puts large chunks of its payroll (24% in 1954) into employee benefits such as free country clubs, bowling alleys, 52 extracurricular activities with 656 instructors, teaching everything from psychology to home repairs. And for IBM's stockholders, Watson has not missed a dividend in 39 years. A man who bought 100 shares of IBM stock in 1914 would have paid out \$2,750 for his original stock, spent another \$3,614 to take advantage of all options. Today he would own 3,893 shares worth \$1,492,965.

At Work at Five. Tom Watson was not content just to build an empire; he also carefully trained Tom Jr. to take it over. The training started as soon as Junior was old enough to toddle. At the age of five, he went on his first inspection tour of an IBM plant; four years later he went to Europe with his father on the first tour of the new overseas division. IBM executives were frequent guests at the big, rambling Watson mansion in Short Hills, N.J. and at the 1,000-acre farm 30 miles away in the rolling Jersey hills near Oldwick. Tom Jr. got to know them all, and through them, IBM.

When he was twelve, he even made a speech before IBM's 100% Club of star salesmen. It was a "very good, short speech," his father happily recalls. For Tom Jr., his father set strict standards and never relaxed them. When Tom, an ardent boy scout, failed to make his Eagle badge, his father refused to send him on a gala seven-week trip to Europe, which he was financing for other Short Hills scouts.

Young Tom Watson was no ball of fire in his studies in school. He went to private schools in Short Hills, barely managed to scrape through Hun School in Princeton. After graduation from Brown University, he joined IBM. Starting at the bottom as

a salesman in Manhattan's financial district, young Tom soon proved that he was his father's son. In an area where previous IBM salesmen had never made 100% of quota, he hit 231% and hung up a record. Says his father: "That was the only right way. He had to make his own records. Otherwise, people might feel that he had some special help, which he did not have."

Churchill & the Desk. When World War II came, Salesman Tom Watson Jr. enlisted and spent the next 5½ years as a transport pilot in the Army Air Forces. Right after Pearl Harbor he married Olive Field Cawley, then started shuttling between Russia and the Middle East on staff missions. In his B-24 he once flew escort for Britain's Prime Minister Churchill on a long flight from Moscow to Teheran. When he got out in 1946, he was a lieutenant colonel with 2,000 hours of flight time, the Air Medal, and senior pilot's wings.

IBM's executives hardly recognized him when he got back. Tom Watson Jr. had grown up in the Army. His first job was as assistant to Charles Kirk, IBM's vice president in charge of sales. "He had a large desk," says Tom Watson Jr., "and I simply had a chair pulled up at the edge of the desk, alongside him, and saw 90% of what he did." When Kirk was away, Tom Watson Jr. had to make the decisions. He made them so well that when Kirk died suddenly in the summer of 1947, Tom Jr. took over the job, moved up to executive vice president in 1949.

Three years later, his father called him into his 17th floor office at IBM's Manhattan World Headquarters, told him that he was IBM's new president. Says Tom: "It was the most moving experience of my life. I was completely disarmed."

Today, after three years as president, there is little doubt who is running the company, though his father is still active in IBM and outside as well. "He likes to be

® Among his 168 activities: trustee of Columbia University and Lafayette College, International Commissioner of the Boy Scouts, member of the Carnegie Fund, National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Y.M.C.A., a director of three other corporations.

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Martha Holmes

TOM WATSON JR. & FAMILY*
After a B-24, a chair at the edge of the desk.

informed of everything, and takes part in most high policy decisions. Tom Watson Jr. makes no bones about the fact that his father was able to put him in the president's chair largely because of his position in the company and the fact that the Watson family holds 6% of IBM's 4,098,471 shares. But Tom Watson Jr. is proving that the choice was a good one.

Phones & Time Clocks. Tall and rangy (6 ft. 3 in., 190 lbs.), prematurely grey at 41, Tom Watson Jr. is much like his father at IBM. He does not smoke, except for a few weeks at Christmastime, never drinks. He used to do both, but when he took over the president's chair, he gave them up in deference to his father. He usually wears the traditional IBM uniform—dark suit, quiet tie, white shirt with stiff, detachable paper collar—punches a time clock along with the lowliest employee. But he is a more relaxed executive than his father. He likes to be called Tom, delegates responsibility. Nine times out of ten, he answers his own phone in his office atop IBM's Manhattan World Headquarters. He gives orders in a quiet, assured voice, never expects to be told that they have been accomplished. Much of the time he is off on inspection trips in a company plane (often doing the piloting himself), and, like all IBM executives, is a good public speaker.

He lives in a big colonial brick house in Greenwich, Conn., with his pretty wife and their five children—Tom III, 11, Jeannette, 9, Olive, 7, Lucinda, 5, Susan, 2—and tries to lead the happy, solid life of a normal, 9-to-5 commuter. He is as hard-muscled as a 25-year-old, loves to ski and sail. Whenever he can, he sails his 47-ft. racing yawl *Palawan* on Long Island Sound, has taken it on two Newport-to-Bermuda races.

In measuring his success, IBM's new president must stack himself up against

his father's impressive record. Since 1929, IBM sales have jumped an average of 14% each year. On his personal score card, Tom Watson Jr. has done even better, with an average gain of 19% for his three years. It is estimated that IBM's gross this year will hit \$500 million, and profits will climb to \$56 million.

To the Justice Department, International Business Machines is already too big, too successful. It has had a suit pending against the company since 1952, charging it with a 90% monopoly of the tabulating-machine industry; the Government charges that IBM restrains trade through its 1,500 patents and by the fact that it leases its accounting machines instead of selling them. Nevertheless, President Tom Watson Jr. intends to keep on expanding at top speed. By 1960 he confidently expects IBM's sales to climb over the magic \$1 billion figure.

The Roads Ahead. In the coming age of automation, unlimited areas for electronic machines will open up for IBM. For office work alone, Tom Watson Jr. sees a vast new field in swift baby computers for small companies. He envisions them in airline and train stations to handle the repetitive job of reservations, in offices to write business letters by drawing on pre-written paragraphs stored away in the brain's memory units.

Beyond office paper work, the entire horizon of factory automation is beginning to open up for electronics. While U.S. industry has always had automatic machines, a whole new family of "feedback" controls is growing up which not only run the machines, but also correct their mistakes, order the machines to rework defective parts until they are perfect. Such feedback controls are the forerunner of

* Susan, Tom Jr., Lucinda, Jeannette, Mrs. Watson, Olive, Tom III.



Is manpower the big QUESTION MARK?

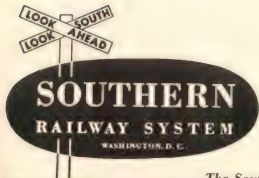
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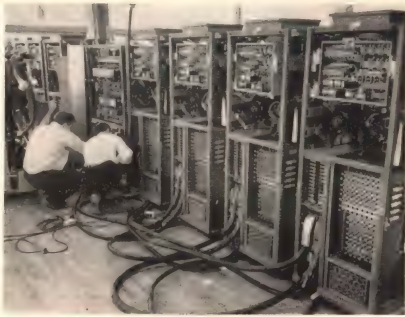
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real automation. Linked together, they will make automated production lines. A form of the new automation is already at work making telephone relays for Western Electric, acetylene gas and carbide for the National Carbide division of Air Reduction Co., aircraft engines at Curtiss-Wright. Other firms, such as American Smelting & Refining, General Mills, Dunlop Tire & Rubber, have turned to automatic controls to produce everything from bronze castings to printed circuits and foam-rubber mattresses. In the oil industry, automation has advanced to the point where a handful of technicians can run an entire \$40 million plant by remote control from a panel of instruments. In some of the newer refineries now under construction, there will even be controls to watch the instruments, run the cracking processes from start to finish without human help. Among the new developments:

Q Detroit's \$250,000 "transfer" machines operated by Ford, Oldsmobile, Chevrolet and Packard, which can turn out a complete engine block on an automated line 100 yds. long and carry it through 500 separate processes. Whenever any part of the machine makes a mistake, a special sensing device halts all work until the mistake is corrected.

Q A West Coast aircraft company's \$1.128,000 contour milling machine, which will soon be built to work any known metal into as many as 18 shapes automatically, correct itself with a feedback control keyed to magnetic tape.

Q The Army's ordnance plant at Parsons, Kans., which turns out 2,400 shell fuses each hour on a production line run by automatic controls. As each part flows onto the assembly line, special controls check the part to see that it is positioned perfectly, then send it on for automatic assembly of the parts into shell fuses.

The Golden Age. Total automation is a long step away. But the prospects for mankind are truly dazzling. Automation of industry will mean new reaches of leisure, new wealth, new dignity for the laboring man. The coalpit worker, the steel puddler, and those who do many maintenance jobs on an assembly line can surrender to self-controlled electronic machines the hazards and dullness of backbreaking menial work. Thus liberated, the world's laboring man can find a new pleasure and culture in life.

Actually, automation is not a threat against jobs, but a real necessity for an expanding economy. Despite the progress towards office automation, businessmen must move even faster to keep up with the mountain of paper work growing out of the increasing complexity of production and industry. To date, only 5% of office work is done by automatic machines. There is no reason in IBM's mind why businessmen could not mechanize more than 35% of their office work. This would not only speed it up but save billions of dollars.

In the same way, industry must speed up automation in factories. By 1965, if the standard of living is to keep on rising, the U.S. will require at least a 50% increase in gross national product. By then, the U.S. population will hit 190 million, but since much of it will consist of school-age children and oldsters, there will actually be relatively fewer effective workers in the labor force. To keep up with production requirements, U.S. industry must rely on more automation. Can the breach be filled? IBM and its team of Watsons have no doubt it will be. Says Tom Watson Sr. "In the next 40 years we will accomplish so much more than in the past 40 that people will wonder why we didn't do more in the first 40."

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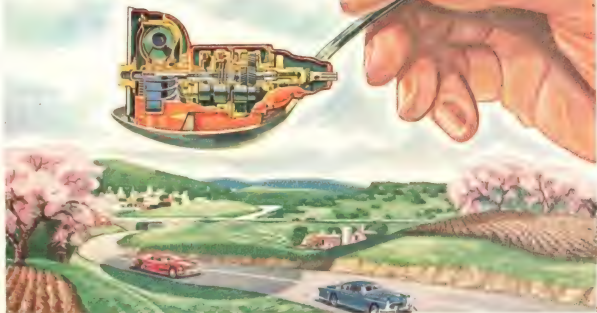
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THE THEATER

Old Musical in Madrid

"Magnificent!" exclaimed the critics. "Spain has never seen anything like this." Spain had not. While bullfight tickets went begging, the carriage trade last week was paying up to five times the normal price to squeeze into Madrid's musty old Teatro de la Zarzuela and see the greatest hit in Spanish theatrical history. The hit: *Al Sur del Pacifico*. Translation: *South Pacific*.

Despite wrenching translations and iron-fisted Spanish censorship, the show retained a surprising amount of its pace and charm. Spain's top scenic designer, Sigfredo Burman, speckled the mythical isle of Bali Ha'i with miniature lights that blink by night, put ripples in the sea, installed clouds that moved swimmingly across pink-and-azure sky, and devised ocean waters to lap seductively at the sandy shores.

Cardboard Jungle. Luis Sagi-Vela, the producer, played the fine old Esio Pinza role of Emile de Becque with rakish zest (in rust-red plantation suit, blue-and-white-striped shirt, solid beige tie). And Mary Martin's sawed-off dungarees were curvaceously filled by Actress Marta Santa-olalla. Although she sported the short-clipped Martin hairdo, she lacked something of the girl-next-door appeal.

Some of Madrid's changes were definitely for the worse. Offstage noises were technically poor; e.g., the departure of a jeep sounded more like the idling of a Flying Boxcar. Famed Mexican-born Actor Gustavo Rojo, as Lieut. Cable, was politely proper in his love scene with Liat (Maria Rey). And the lonely sailors were so surprisingly paired off with girls that the stage was cluttered with shapely dancers not quite sure of what they were there for. They were there because the censor ruled that a disproportionate number of men to women on stage smacked of homosexuality.

"One Clear Night." The slangy American idiom of the lyrics was bound to be mangled in translation. Surprisingly, the Spanish version came up with some good approximations: e.g., "I'm as corny as Kansas in August, I'm as normal as blueberry pie" came out "I'm as happy as a cat in January, as the butterfly in April . . ." The "Wonderful Guy" became "My Ideal Type," and "Some Enchanted Evening" was changed to "One Clear Night." Bloody Mary was still "The Girl I Love," but the punch line of the song, "Now ain't that too damn bad" was switched to "My tropical dream." When it came to "What ain't we got? We ain't got dames!" the translator settled for "What is lacking here? A woman!"

Al Sur del Pacifico plays twice daily, seven days a week, with the SRO sign always out. The 50 members of the cast, most of them accustomed to doing comic opera before half-filled houses, go home gaily after work at 2 a.m. The pay for top stars: about \$20 a day.

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Theatrical Therapy

The audience in the 250-seat auditorium of the sleek new Veterans Administration Hospital in Salt Lake City last week was restless at first. But no audience ever entered more wholeheartedly into the spirit of a production. For the spectators were mental patients, and they were watching fellow patients enact a play about something they all felt intimately—the appearance of mental illness under unbearable strain. The play: *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*.

In the therapeutic technique of psychodrama (TIME, Jan. 24), patients act out their own experiences or roles related to them; in presenting Herman Wouk's *Court Martial*, the patients did the opposite: they had to adapt themselves, like any actors, to prefabricated roles. Remarkable was the fact that they chose the play themselves, without prompting from the hospital's recreation staff, and assigned most of the parts.

Too Close to Home. At first, the hospital's top doctors were shaken by the project, judged it dangerous, and could see no benefit to the mentally ill in doing a play whose chief character is mentally ill. But after watching rehearsals, the doctors were converted. Says Clinical Psychologist John Whitmyre: "Something remote would not have aroused such intense interest. This cast really knows mental illness. The patients are intense about this play because it raises the questions: 'What are the criteria for mental illness? What is the dividing line?'"

As rehearsals went on, it was soon clear that members of the cast were gaining inner satisfaction from watching Captain Queeg, the man in a position of responsibility and trust, break down under stress. As Psychiatrist Edward R. Miller ex-

plains it, this helped many patients to feel that "it could happen to anyone"—so they felt less different themselves. Also, they enjoyed the humbling of a "father-figure," for many had troubles that traced back to their own fathers or other authoritarian figures. Best of all, characters in the play were able to act out their hostility to Father-Figure Queeg without feeling guilt.

This Way Out. For several in the cast, rehearsals proved too effective a therapy for the play's own good: these patients improved so much that they were discharged. One patient had seemed hopeless, despite a variety of treatments. "As he mastered his role," says Dr. Miller, "he mastered himself and we could reach him better with psychotherapy." He is now working to support his family, and living at home. Another patient, who at first could not remember lines for more than a few minutes, eventually memorized his part letter-perfect, and his memory for other matters improved. A third, who insisted he could not see his script or even a cue card, was won around to the point where first he read fluently, then acted his part freely.

There were two parts in the *Court Martial* that no mental patient would play: those of Queeg himself and the judge advocate. They refused to play Queeg, explains Dr. Miller, because they feared that enacting a make-believe breakdown might cause a real breakdown: "They don't want to be identified with mental illness. They want to be normal." Neither would the patients tolerate a familiar, forbidding father-figure (such as Psychiatrist Miller himself) in the part of Queeg. Their choice fell on a "good father-figure": Chester Dowse, amiable chief of the hospital's special services department (which includes all recreation). Dowse's

assistant. Howard Becker, played the judge advocate.

The spectators burst into applause when Queeg broke on the witness stand under the defense counsel's hammering. But this, Dr. Miller judged, was in appreciation of the fine performance. By and large, the audience sympathized deeply with the man who broke under stress.

Promotion Can Kill

Washington's Advertising Club, with eager-beaver young executives chain-smoking and fidgeting in their seats, provided a perfect audience last week for Industrial Medicine-Man Robert Collier Page (TIME, May 24). Warned Page: "Chances of getting ahead in the next decade . . . are going to be many times greater than anyone has ever known . . . Opportunity for every able man and woman, from office boy to vice president, will be spelled out in letters as big as barn doors . . . There is a terrible danger hidden in [this]: unless you are up to the challenge mentally and physically, your next promotion could kill you."

As Dr. Page explained it: "Your capacity for tension has a limit beyond which it isn't safe to go . . . The patterns you establish in your late 20s and early 30s largely determine your load-carrying capacities during your 40s and later. Crack-ups in middle life are usually the consequence of what you have accumulated or abused in your earlier years. Most crack-ups are needless. They are a self-invited penalty that we Americans are paying for a doubtful standard of material success. In Europe, and over most of the world, physical and mental crackups are rare, despite wars and tensions more trying than ours."

Among Dr. Page's tips for executive longevity:

❑ Decide whether you enjoy responsibility, and if not, accept no more of it. It

is through unwanted responsibility that a promotion can prove lethal.

❑ Be sure that your work is fun at least three days a week.

❑ Try "less food, less liquor and tobacco, less travel, more exercise, more leisure, planned vacations, more delegation of authority."

Capsules

❑ A pregnant woman is not "sick," the Internal Revenue Service ruled—at least not for the purpose of the new tax law, which allows up to \$100 weekly in sickness pay or benefits to be deducted from income in figuring taxes.

❑ Knowledge can be a more potent force than ignorance in keeping cancer victims from seeking prompt treatment. Of 314 Britons (mostly women), half had delayed going to a doctor for more than three months after symptoms appeared, and one-fourth had delayed more than a year. Regardless of intelligence, those who did not suspect that they had cancer delayed less than those who feared that they had. Doctors in the U.S. have reported opposite results.

❑ The VA Hospital in Boston has developed an artificial eye that moves and twinkles. Made of plastic (with rayon threads imbedded to look like veins), it has a magnet built in. It moves in obedience to another magnet set in the muscles that formerly controlled the lost eye.

❑ After Squibb Institute chemists tinkered with the molecule of hydrocortisone by inserting an atom of fluorine. Harvard Medical School's Dr. George W. Thorn and colleagues found that they had a synthetic hormone far more powerful than the natural ones. Still available only in pinhead quantities for research, it controlled a far-advanced case of Addison's disease, even when the dose was cut to one one-hundred-thousandth oz.

❑ An infantryman going through rifle training may have good cause to complain that his left arm is so numb that he cannot move it, three medics at the U.S. Army Hospital at Camp Chaffee, Ark. reported. They saw scores of cases of "rifle-sling palsy," lasting as long as three weeks. The answer: loosen the sling every few minutes.

❑ Mrs. Bernard Schneer, 34, of Delaware, Ohio had her second child in 48 days.* When the elder, Douglas Lee, was born, it was found that his twin, now named Deborah Lyn, was developing in the mother's abdominal cavity. She was delivered by Caesarean section.

❑ After a seven-year test involving 2,400 women and 1,600 children, Columbia University's Dr. Arthur I. Gates showed that the children of low-income families on poorly balanced diets will have higher IQs if their mothers get extra vitamins during pregnancy. But this process cannot be extended to breed a race of geniuses: once a woman is getting a healthful diet, even bucketfuls of added vitamins will have no effect on her child's IQ.

* Probable record interval between twins' births: 56 days.

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And if something like this happens to you, look in the Yellow Pages of your phone book for your nearest NECA qualified electrical contractor. He'll gladly survey your wiring and recommend what's needed to make electricity—and your appliance—serve you better. National Electrical Contractors Association, 610 Ring Building, Washington 6, D. C.



As I See by Boris Artzybasheff
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MILESTONES

Married. Elizabeth Bradley Beukema, 30, only daughter of General of the Army Omar Bradley; and Benjamin Henry Dorsey Jr., 31, Washington lawyer; she for the second time (her first: Air Force Major Henry Shaw Beukema, who was killed in a jet crash last year), he for the first; in Washington.

Married. John Sherman Cooper, 53, newly appointed Ambassador to India, 1954 defeated G.O.P. Senator from Kentucky; and Lorraine Rowan Shevlin, 48, onetime "best-dressed" Washington socialite; he for the second time, she for the third; in Pasadena, Calif.

Died. Nicolas de Staël, 41, Russian-born French semi-abstract painter, who troweled slabs of paint on to canvas to create his famed, richly colored oils; in a leap from his third-floor apartment; in Antibes.

Died. Harry Shulman, 52, Russian-born dean of the Yale Law School, and widely respected professional labor arbitrator (since 1943 permanent umpire for, among others, United Auto Workers v. Ford); in New Haven, Conn.

Died. Marshal Leonid Aleksandrovich Govorov, 58, Soviet Deputy Defense Minister and Red army artillery specialist, in 1945 proclaimed a Hero of the Soviet Union for breaking the German ring around Leningrad; after long illness; somewhere in the Soviet Union.

Died. Theodor Plievier, 63, bestselling German author, renowned for his three World War II novels describing the fighting on the Russian front (*Stalingrad, Moscow, Berlin*); of a heart attack; in Avegnon, Switzerland. Plievier turned to Communism shortly after World War I, wrote several anti-war novels in the early 1930s, fled to Russia to become an official propagandist when the Nazis came to power. Disillusioned with the Soviet Union (although not with theoretical Communism), Plievier took refuge in U.S.-occupied Bavaria in 1947.

Died. Joseph F. Cullman Jr., 72, president of Cullman Brothers, Inc., director and chairman of the executive committee of Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.; in Manhattan. Cullman added Benson & Hedges to the family interests in 1941, built up B. & H.'s Parliament brand into the first nationally known filter cigarette. In 1953 he negotiated a merger with Philip Morris.

Died. Count Michael Karolyi, 80, one of the founders (in 1918) and first President of the Hungarian Republic; in Venice, France. Karolyi lived in exile through the years of the Horthy regime, returned after World War II, was Red Hungary's Ambassador to Paris from 1947 until his retirement in 1949.

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

The *Glass Slipper* (M-G-M), Hollywood feels about as comfortable with Leslie Caron as a truck driver does with a beret—whatever it is, it's not normal. Everybody loved her in *Lili* (TIME, March 9, 1953), but what was it everybody loved? Was she pretty? Not by the usual U.S. standards. Could she act? In *Lili* it was hard to tell whether she was acting, or just doing what came naturally. "She's gamine," the critics said. The producers asked their wives what that meant, and decided that, as usual, the critics were wrong. A studio flack perhaps came closer to the truth of the matter when he said: "The face of an eight-year-old girl, the body of a voluptuous woman. It's practically perverse. She's the poor little match girl—with sex."

The *Glass Slipper* breathes, as *Lili* did, the atmosphere of a latter-day fairy tale. It is, in fact, the Cinderella story rewritten with the sort of sophistication never confined to the perfume ads. The prince (Michael Wilding) no longer loves his lass just because she is beautiful. He admires her "great agonized... rebellious eyes." The glass slipper is now made of "the finest Venetian glass." And the fairy godmother (Estelle Winwood) is a queer old dear who wanders around saying "window sill" because it sounds so nice.

Still, there are some pleasant things here too. Some of the scenes have a *Lili*-like lilt. One of the ballets, in which Michael gives Leslie a cooking lesson in the palace kitchen, is a slightly romp. The color is fresh and bright. Cinderella's dress for the ball is wonderful—the skirt looks like a frilly igloo—and Leslie wears it as a princess should. And when all else fails, there is Keenan Wynn. As somebody called Kovin, a confidant of the prince, poor Keenan has practically nothing to do all through the picture except to stride up and down in a red plush, bee-length smoking jacket, scratch his peruke, suck on a long-stemmed pipe, and grunt. It all gets a little eerie, after a while.

One Summer of Happiness (Times Film). "Say, let's swim!" cries Goran (Folk Sundquist). He is alone with Kerstin in the woods near the edge of a lake, and the day is as warm as days ever get in Sweden. Kerstin (Ulla Jacobsson), who is only 17, dimples and looks away, but then she says, "For you I'm not bashful." They undress and laugh and gasping into the icy shallows. The laughter dies on Goran's lips as he sees her standing there, pretty as a pear. "Kerstin!" he says. She turns toward him with a yielding look, and he takes her in his arms. "Goran," she

* Designer's description: "Silk tulle over silk brocade trimmed in little crystals and French flowers." The dress contains 215 yards of material, took ten seamstresses several weeks to put together. Studio carpenters had to cut a double door in Actress Caron's dressing room to make room for the hoops.



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murmurs dreamily, "Don't forget me!" Without a word he carries her to the shore, where they lie in a sun-spangled shade. "Kerstin," he asks gravely, apparently unaware that the camera is gawking under his armpit at the girl. "Do you know what this means?"

If Kerstin doesn't, the U.S. distributors of this Swedish picture do. It means money in the bank. In advance showings in 14 states where nudity is permitted on the screen, *Summer* has grossed more than \$400,000. However, the film is not likely to do so well in states where the moviegoer is not allowed to encounter the facts of life vis-à-viscera. When the love scenes are excised, there is not much of any sort of interest in this childishly rebellious business about young love and old prejudices. The horse it flogs was flogged to death by North European intellectuals half a century and more ago; in modern Sweden unwed mothers are paid a state subsidy for the support of their children. Sadder still to report, little Ulla Jacobsson, who behaves so exquisitely with her clothes off, cannot act very well when she has them on.

Untamed (20th Century-Fox). Hollywood traditionally measures the worth of a film by the amount of money it costs. This picture may establish a new scale of critical values. Last week a studio press release solemnly recommended it as one in which no fewer than "16 wind machines" had been used, "the most ever assembled for a 20th Century-Fox picture." It has, by the wind-machine standard, all the qualities of greatness: "Sweep and magnitude. . . Africa. . . CinemaScope. . . color by De Luxe. . . a great story. . . irresistible passion," and even "ethnic glories." It lasts for 111 minutes and it was considered "prohibitively expensive" to make—a fact that unfortunately did not prohibit the studio from making it.

Director Henry King (*The Snows of Kilimanjaro*) and a crew of 40 were sent to South Africa. There, harassed by "snakes, ticks and other insects," and "in the presence of lions," they shot the back-grounds for the picture. For one scene the studio hired 3,000 Zulu warriors, shipped them by plane and oxcart to the Valley of the Thousand Hills in Natal province, and there built a small city named "Zanuckville" to house them.

Fox did not go to all this trouble for nothing. *Untamed* is a Zulu lulu—the sort of costume adventure that may, in a generation or two, produce a race of moviegoers with their eyes popped out on stalks. The picture offers: 1) a full-dress Irish hunt in full cry after a fox; 2) a formal ball in an Irish country house; 3) the great Irish potato famine of the 1840s; 4) the Great Trek of the Boers from Cape Town to the fertile valleys of the interior; 5) the war dance of 3,000 Zulus and their attack on a wagon ring; 6) a savage fight between two men armed with bullwhips; 7) a cloudburst, during which a huge tree is felled by lightning; 8) the gruesome amputation of a leg; 9) another formal ball, this time in a South African man-



TYRONE POWER & SUSAN HAYWARD
Gone with the wind machines.

sion; 10) a battle royal in a mining town.

The plot hops from peak to peak of interest with a goatish nimbleness. Tyrone Power, a Boer bushfighter, visits Ireland to buy horseflesh and meets Susan Hayward, who follows him to Africa. When they meet again in the big attack—in which not a hair of her pretty red head is ruffled—Ty says exactly the right thing: "You . . . here in Africa fighting Zulus . . . I can hardly believe it."

CURRENT & CHOICE

East of Eden. Director Ella Kazan does his best with one of John Steinbeck's worst novels, and a new star, James Dean, is born of his pains; with Julie Harris (TIME, March 21).

The Wages of Fear. Fear, oil, greed. Central America and nitroglycerin, stirred together in an angry philosophical shocker by French Director Henri-Georges Clouzot (TIME, Feb. 21).

Game of Love. First oats, as two French adolescents sow them; based on Colette's novel, *Le Blé en Herbe* (TIME, Jan. 24).

Romeo and Juliet. Never has Shakespeare's love poem been so splendidly set—among the Renaissance remains of Venice, Verona, Siena (TIME, Dec. 20).

The Country Girl. A slickly made story (by Clifford Odets) about a Broadway has-been (Bing Crosby), his bitter wife (Grace Kelly), and a cynical director (William Holden) who tries to pull them apart (TIME, Dec. 13).

The Heart of the Matter. Graham Greene's novel, a passionate chorale on the themes of sin and salvation, is rearranged into something more like *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*: Trevor Howard and Maria Schell are superb as the lovers (TIME, Dec. 13).



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- *The Locked Room.* Part one of a three-part novel of suspense by Margaret Bell Houston.
- *The Fabulous Story of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle.* By his daughter Cordelia. The stranger-than-fiction life story of the Philadelphia socialite who became a hero in the U. S. Marines at the age of 70.

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Test at Sea

THE GOOD SHEPHERD (310 pp.)—C. S. Forester—Little, Brown (\$3.95).

This book again proves that Cecil Scott Forester is the best living writer about the sea. It is a war novel (first published in 1947) that neither whines nor rails nor waves flags, but sticks tersely to its theme. Its hero, Commander George Krause, U.S.N., is indeed a good shepherd. His flock is a convoy of 37 merchant ships zigzagging across the Atlantic in 1947. To herd them safely to harbor in England, Krause has only four escort vessels, one of which he personally commands. Almost as serious as his weakness in ships is his own inexperience; this is his first taste of war, although he is an Annapolis man with 20 years of routine duty behind him. The serious-minded son of a Lutheran minister, unlucky in marriage, he is now to be tested as life has never tested him before.

When the submarine wolf pack strikes, Krause's true weapons are training, character and a sense of duty that overcome fatigue and everything the subs can throw at him. For 48 terrible hours he fights his destroyer and directs as exciting a battle as Author Forester's famed Horatio Hornblower ever experienced under sail. In the desperate game of hit-and-run, Krause is frequently fooled by the U-boat commanders, but as he fights, he learns. Ships are torpedoed and men are left to drown because to try to save them would mean to endanger more lives. Moral anguish, physical suffering and fatigue bring Krause to the edge of senselessness. The commander's personal battle, fought on the borderline of human endurance, is even more impressive than the naval action. Author Forester has written a war novel whose real hero is the concept of duty.

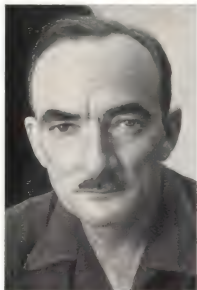
The Colonel's Campaign

COROMANDEL! (347 pp.)—John Masters—Viking (\$3.95).

John Masters, 40, is an erect, ruddy-faced, Calcutta-born ex-army officer who applies staff college discipline to the writing of successful historical romances. He decided to turn author seven years ago, having never written anything but operation orders and situation reports, but before writing a single novel he drew up a strategic master plan listing 35 suitable topics from Britain's 300-year experience in India. He assigned himself the task of knocking off these topics at the rate of a book a year. The first four novels, schemed out in advance with Montgomery-like thoroughness and executed at his electric typewriter with Patton-style speed, swept triumphantly through U.S. bookstores, two of them through book clubs as well, bypassing all critical strongpoints. Masters' books have sold more than 1,000,000 copies, including paperbacks; last year's best-selling *Bhowani Junction* was bought by Hollywood for more than \$100,000. This

week, with his fifth book, Masters launches another spring offensive right on schedule.

Frontier to New York. Schooled at Sandhurst, Jack Masters became a British career officer and served in India as four generations of his family had served before him. In 14 years he chivied the North-West Frontier tribesmen, dressed nightly for dinner, bagged his regulation tiger, and otherwise upheld the Kipling tradition of imperial soldiering. "Probably as close as you'll get to the perfect infantry officer," recalls a fellow campaigner. As a lieutenant colonel in World War II, Masters led a brigade of the famed Wingate force 200 miles behind enemy lines in Burma. Though it won him a D.S.O., Masters admits that he did not ask for the



NOVELIST MASTERS
By down on Sept. 19.

assignment. "I am a professional," he says. "I never volunteer."

After the British quit India in 1948, Masters decided to move to the U.S. and cast about for a new career. He first thought of running tours from the U.S. to the Himalayas—\$2,050 per person for a 40-day Masters-minded trip. There were few prospective customers. Then a magazine writer heard him hold forth over a cocktail on America's false, Hollywoodish picture of India, told Masters he ought to write about it some day.

A direct and literal man, Masters went straight to his hotel, typed eight pages and sold the article to the *Atlantic*. He brought his wife and two children over from England and settled down at New City, 30 miles north of Manhattan. "I applied what I had learned at staff college, the ability to think. I first decided what my objectives were: to tell the story of conflict in the army mutiny of 1857, and what India was like in those days, and on the second level—all my stories must have a second

level, or the result is shallow—to show that hatred breeds hatred. To reach these objectives I made a plan, just like any other plan. Just as I would do if my objective was to take a certain hill by dawn on Sept. 19."

Result: *Nightrunners of Bengal*, a thriller grabbed by the Literary Guild and later bought by the movies.

Masters gets up daily at 7:10, gets the children's breakfast, starts writing at 8:30. Tacked above his desk, alongside a schedule showing the dates that the kids will be home on vacation, is a tightly scribbled chart of some 15 characters for his next novel. He types out his first draft at the rate of 11,000 words a day. *Bhowani Junction* took ten days. After checking and polishing the first manuscript, which may take two or three months, he dictates a second and final draft to his wife at the rate of 3,000 words an hour.

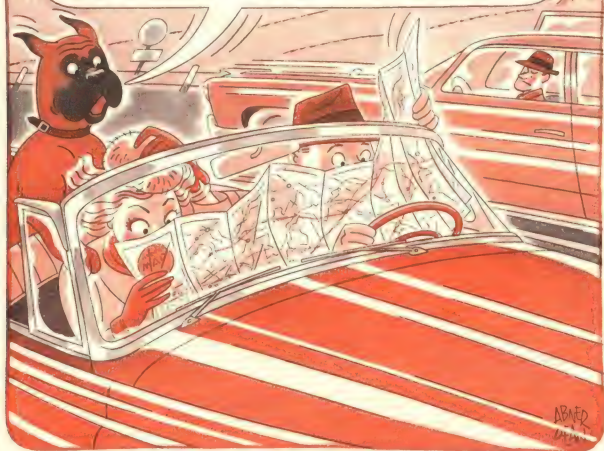
Golden Fleece to Giants. In contrast with *Bhowani Junction*, which told a tense and tragic story of half-caste Anglo-Indians emotionally and socially stranded in 1946 on the eve of Britain's withdrawal from India, *Coromandel!* is a wild, winy tale of one of the first British freebooters to arrive in India 300 years ago. A poaching, knifing, rutting fugitive from English law, Jason Savage leaps ashore on India's pearl coast with a dubious old map in his pocket and greed and wonder in his eyes. After falling in love with a dusky temple harlot and growing as rich as a maharaja, he escapes a massacre only by covering himself with ashes and stalking naked through the mob as a holy man.

Picking up a Portuguese girl, he pursues his map-promised treasure past wazirs, footpads, moguls and monks to a snowy Himalayan peak, where it finally flashes on him that the treasure, the dream, the Golden Fleece or whatever, "is inside you rather than at the end of any road or map." *Coromandel!* is a rich, nicely calculated mixture of sex, gore and preposterous adventure and, as the Literary Guild choice for April, is another sure big seller.

Some of Author Masters' plots and characters may be shallow, but his backgrounds and situations are stunningly authentic. His narrative prose is swift and workmanlike. If Author Masters acknowledges any master outside military manuals, it is Kipling. He thinks it is a waste of time to read outsiders' books about India. Of E. M. Forster's famed *A Passage to India* he snorts: "Bloomsbury!"

Though Masters is a railway buff and likes to spend summers camping and climbing, his professional discipline sets stern limits on his enthusiasms. His greatest fervor nowadays is for his adopted country. This year, besides polishing up the first volume of his autobiography for fall publication, he has turned out a short novel with a U.S. setting about the passing of the steam locomotive (second level: the decline of craftsmanship). "It is America that has enabled me to write," he says. "I don't feel that I could write anywhere but here. Here I lost my self-consciousness." He has discovered baseball. Just about the biggest party the Masters fam-

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ily ever threw at their modest red farmhouse outside New City occurred last fall. The printed postcards announced the celebration of two family triumphs—Jack Masters' naturalization as a U.S. citizen and the Giants' World Series victory.

Understanding Greatness

CHIANG KAI-SHEK (382 pp.)—Emily Hahn—Doubleday (\$5).

In the early 1930s every U.S. schoolboy—and his teacher, too—knew the essential facts about China's Chiang Kai-shek. Chiang, married to a pretty Chinese girl with a U.S. education, was a selfless Christian general who had fought down Communists and war lords to unite his country for the first time in its modern history. Ten years later many a schoolboy, teacher and clubwoman was hearing a far different story: Chiang's wife was an arrogant creature who slept on silk sheets, while Chiang himself was corrupt and stupid; he stubbornly blocked the path to China's progress, and went out of his way to pick fights with those persecuted heroes of agrarian reform, the Chinese Communists. It was to the mutual disaster of both Chiang and the U.S. that in the critical years following World War II the Communist-line distortions of the second picture were slyly reflected in the smart talk of sophisticates, in the books and the book reviews on China, in college lectures and in the official papers of the U.S.

Author Emily Hahn, whose youthful passion for Manila cigars, free love and self-advertisement caused arching eyebrows from Shanghai to Chungking in the 1930s, has now maturely channeled her fierce independence to good cause. With the informal, sometimes gabby style of her China Coast pieces in *The New Yorker*, and of her best-sellers (*China to Me*, *The Soong Sisters*), she has written the first popular biography to examine Chiang in the only way he can be understood: as a singularly great man, a lonely combination of Confucian self-discipline and Methodist virtue, forced to fight at once against centuries of obsolete custom, Japan's armed invasion, and a vicious, un-Chinese revolution inspired by Moscow.

Stalin Outgessed. Without belaboring the point, Author Hahn lets the facts prove that Chiang was awesomely right in recognizing the Communists as the greatest threat of all. After a trip to Moscow in 1923 he wrote: "... Some of our Chinese Communists who are in Russia always scold other people as slaves of America, of England and of Japan, never realizing that they themselves have already completely become slaves of Russia."

In 1926, preparing to lead his Nationalist army north to Peking, Chiang threw out the Communists who had edged themselves into powerful positions in the Kuomintang—including the head of the Nationalist propaganda department, one Mao Tse-tung. In 1927 he turned irrevocably and ruthlessly on the Communists, both in the army and in the Red industrial stronghold of Shanghai. Says Author Hahn: "On [this] 'white massacre' that



Camera Press

BIOGRAPHER HAHN
No apology needed.

began April 12 Communists are eloquent. Chiang did not wait to be betrayed; he committed the unforgivable sin; he out-gessed Stalin and struck first."

Communists Outfought. The Communists withdrew southward to Kiangsi and Hunan Provinces, boldly resumed their offensive while the Japanese were striking in Manchuria in 1931. Chiang alienated many a patriotic student and intellectual when he turned the Japanese invasion over to the League of Nations and prepared to turn his armies on the Communists instead of the Japanese. "If China ventures to fight the Japanese," he said, "the Communists will attack from the rear and chaos will quickly overtake the whole country."

More important from today's viewpoint, in attacking the Red stronghold in Kiangsi, Chiang set a classic example of how to fight Communism: he developed a political-military offensive that cut off the Communists from supplies, disrupted their relations with the local populace, decimated their best armies and sent the remnants trudging into the far northwest on the famous Long March.

A later phase of Chiang's fight with the Communists is one to make Americans wince. Author Hahn never says outright that the U.S. was a powerful force aiding the Communist comeback in China during World War II—she does not have to. By this time the reader knows Chiang and knows the Chinese Communists. He can only sit and grit his teeth as, one after another, the leading and lesser lights of U.S. diplomacy—Stilwell, Marshall, Wallace, Vincent—use every known diplomatic pressure and indignity to get Chiang to form a coalition government with the Communists. Then Yalta secretly opens Manchuria to the Russians; bad U.S. military advice (plus Chiang's own stubbornness) leaves the Nationalist armies strung out weakly when the Communists begin

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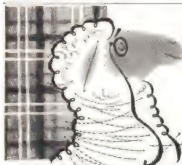
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their big push; and—finally—the State Department administers Secretary Acheson's personal *coup de grâce*—the China White Paper.

Authentic Background. With all this said, Emily Hahn's biography is no apology. She duly notes Chiang's stiff-necked obstinacy, his tendency toward long-winded and redundant speeches, his slowness in pushing the democratic side of the revolution. She grants that corruption ran rampant in the Kuomintang in the final days when Chiang was preoccupied with military crises, acknowledges that the Nationalist government was ruthless and predatory during its first days on Formosa—until Chiang changed command.

Author Hahn's contribution lies in recognizing that Chiang needs no apology, that his character comes clear when placed against the authentic background of the convulsions that racked China in his day.

Essentially she finds herself in agreement with one of Chiang's followers on Formosa, who was attempting to explain Chiang's weak points. Said her informant: "Chiang is so obstinate . . . that you would not believe it. He is so obstinate that—" Then he broke off and thought for a moment before he found the words he wanted, "He is so obstinate he won't even stop hoping."

Mixed Fiction

ROUGH WINDS OF MAY, by Nancy Hallinan (425 pp.; Harper; \$3.95), is a first novel that leaps like a trout with lust for life. A canny angler, Novelist Hallinan, 34, uses enough bait for three regulation novels: 1) the English family, full of cooings, cluckings, crises and crumpets, 2) the adolescent caterpillar sprouting the butterfly wings of maturity, 3) the Pan-like pipings of Bohemia competing with the dull drill calls of middle-class life. Novelist Hallinan's Pan is a fat, wheezing, believable genius named Jubial Kerr who huffs and puffs rude reality into *Rough Winds of May*. To the world at large, he is J. K., England's greatest painter. To the Kerr household, he is Fatuncle, a life-long, irresponsible nuisance who only comes around to cadge money and food. When his 16-year-old niece Celia goes to pose for him, she meets a double man who divides and finally conquers her loyalties. On one of his Olympian binges, or gnawing a chicken wing, he seems like another Charles Laughton playing Henry VIII. But behind the regal belch hides the lonely and fiercely honest old artist. He mercilessly paints Celia in a cage, an adolescent wail trapped behind the narrow bars of parental thou-shalt-nots. At novel's end, with Fatuncle's help, she has flown the coop to become a woman—her own woman. Author Hallinan has written a fine and pleasing novel, even if her prose is occasionally more breathless than deathless.

A MOST CONTAGIOUS GAME, by Samuel Grafton (256 pp.; Doubleday; \$3.75), is a fast, offbeat little yarn about a magazine reporter who is handed a money belt with \$5,000 and told to sink into the New

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York City underworld in order to write an exposé. Both the underworld and the police promptly mistake Reporter Dan Lewis for a mobster from Kansas City. After taking a brutal beating, he is put to bed by a brunette bit of fluff who soon climbs in with him. Dan becomes a bodyguard for a gambling czar, kills a man, takes over a bookie ring of his own. He all but forgets about reporting as he becomes infatuated with the world of crime—with its sense of power, its money that produces a kind of evil freedom, its masculinity ("The deferential male is an object of derision to criminal woman"). Much of this first novel's wayward charm lies in its passing epigrammatic remarks. Sample, on a TV M.C.: "He was a matador who played human beings instead of bulls." On reporters: "They have, every two or three years, the satisfaction of being told to find the truth . . . This is



NOVELIST GRAFTON

Good detectives are like T. S. Eliot.

why newspapermen are content to wear dusty gray suits and to have love affairs which are 95% conversations in the back rooms of bars."

Himself a longtime newsman (Philadelphia Record, New York Post), Author Grafton has found no startling truths about big crime—his plot in the end becomes downright hokum—but he offers many fascinating insights: how it feels before a holdup, the psychology of crap shooting, the relaxed domesticity enjoyed by the off-duty criminal. He can also be quietly amusing, as when he compares a detective's carefully indirect questions about a robbery ("I hear some pals stopped in to see you last night") to a modern poet who must find "some oblique and more beautiful way of indicating what he [means] . . . He was a good detective, almost as allusive as T. S. Eliot." Ex-Newspaperman Grafton has managed to light up a few odd corners of the human heart with a Speed Graphic.

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Some people have the money but aren't in the mood...

Some people have both the mood and the money

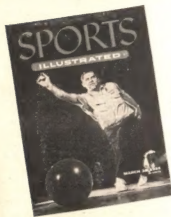


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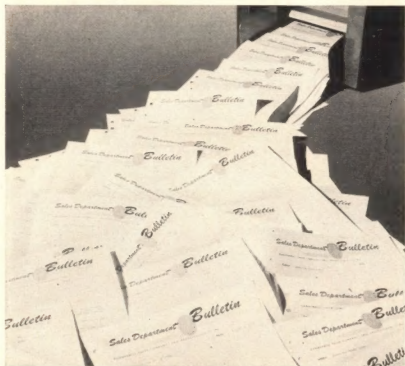
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MISCELLANY

Moral Victory. In Arequipa, Peru, beaten unconscious by 82-year-old José Ibarra, Saturnino García, 110, recovered, amiably explained the scrap: "We were chatting about events of long ago. José got mad because I proved that I have a better memory for dates . . ."

Point of No Return. In Philadelphia, after ransacking the Doering and Beatty Lumber Co. for half an hour, Burglar John Queenan finally found a slip of paper inscribed with the combination to the office safe, opened the safe, found it empty, in disgust telephoned police to come and arrest him.

Bill of Particulars. In Chicago, suing for breach of contract, a food distributor charged that the Flamm Pickle and Packing Co. shipped pickles that blew up jars in warehouse refrigerators, on retail shelves and purchasing agents' desks, and moreover, were "less than perfect in taste, smell and coloring."

J'Accuse! In Elyria, Ohio, after Mrs. Alice Bew telephoned police to come arrest her husband George for drunkenness, two patrolmen arrived, listened to both Bews, locked up Alice but left George free.

Travel Expense. In Memphis, six members of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Communion conferred, finally decided to pay the expenses for Minister Eric S. Greenwood's wife to travel with him to a convention in Hawaii, because "husbands can't be allowed to go running all over the globe by themselves."

Hour of Decision. In Olean, N.Y., fined \$2 for a parking violation, Motorist Mike Gabriel offered to pay \$1, was turned down, chose five days in jail, after four hours behind bars changed his mind, paid the fine in full.

Salesman. In Tallahassee, Fla., Bail Bondsman Tony Johnson was ordered to answer charges that he 1) printed the county sheriff's office telephone number on his business cards, 2) had prisoners called to the jailer's office so that he could urge them to let him post their bail, 3) often slept in the county jail to keep tabs on likely new prospects.

Better to Give. In Pasadena, Calif., Mrs. Selene Roger turned over a roll of bills to puzzled police, claimed that for a month someone had broken into her room almost nightly, put a total of \$49 in her purse.

Let No Other Escape. In Castlemaine, Australia, police hunted the cool thief who broke into the city jail, swiped the jailer's keys, backed his car up to the window of the jailer's office, heisted a 204-lb. safe containing \$300, then carefully closed the door in the jail's main gate behind him before he drove off.

My pride was at stake in this

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1 "I'm no stranger to horses, but even years of polo-playing didn't prepare me for Pakistan's hard-riding tent-peggers," writes John McGarry, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Pathan guardsmen I met in Karachi introduced me to this furious pastime of the Bengal Lancers. Object is to charge full-tilt down a 100-yard course, pierce a well-planted stake with your lance and carry it across the finish line. Closest I came wasn't close at all."



2 "The faster you gallop the better your chances," Bashir Ahmad advised as he showed me how a stake is impaled on a lance-point. But six futile passes made me wish I'd stuck to hobby horses.



3 "I sidelined myself for a good look at the guardsmen's technique, and saw horsemanship any polo player could envy. The men rode four abreast at stakes set only eight feet apart. One turbaned daredevil took his peg narrow side on; his Arab steed never slackened its pace."



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